# A Lamb Amongst The Wolves

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# A Lamb Amongst The Wolves

by MissLuluBee, x_meiko_rose_x

Summary

Will Graham has been working street corners since he was a teenager, struggling to make ends meet for his pimp Chilton who keeps piling more debt upon him by the day.

Hannibal Lecter owns a sizeable chunk of the city, several large and unsavoury businesses, and even he cannot deny there's something about Will that he can't quite place his finger on when he spots the younger male enter his BDSM club.

Even as a criminal mastermind, Hannibal can see that this line of work is killing the young prostitute, so he takes matters into his own hands.

Notes

This fic was written by myself and my RP partner and is loosely based off of the characters in Charlie Countryman.

Unbeta'd all mistakes are our own.

Will Graham knew that he was older than half the kids working the block. He also knew he was far better at his job and put in way more work to earn his keep. Chilton was a hard pimp, he didn't like to be disobeyed and Will definitely didn't like the repercussions of disobeying him.

His eyes narrowed as he watched a new girl edging into his territory, she was a skinny brunette who looked skittish but he knew better, kid's eyes told she knew a lot more than she was letting on and he wasn't having it. Straightening up as she was brushed off by a snob in a suit he made his way over to her, hands deep in the pockets of his leather pants. Running a hand through his too long curls he plastered a deceptively friendly smile on his normally sullen face and stalked his pray, "You're new. Need a hand with anything? Name's Graham."

Will almost snorted as the brat looked him up and down, taking in everything from his bare chest to the track marks on his arm - an old addiction that he'd long since licked - before she took his hand, "I'm Abigail… I'm new to all of this…."

The moment her hand was in his he yanked her towards him with a snarl, "And that is the only thing stopping be from ripping that pretty brown hair out." He hissed in her face, "You're new and you're young. I get it. But everything from this block, five down is mine, got it?"

She nodded quickly, breaking away and stumbling down the street and away from him. Straightening his shoulders Will looked around, there were no John's on the streets and it was winter - he wasn't putting up with the cold any longer, if he didn't make some money tonight he'd lose his room and that wasn't an option. Making a quick decision, Will slipped into Death Head Moth, it was a risky move. It was a well known BDSM club, owned by criminals, and often you left with debt rather than money but it was his only option. He blew a kiss to the girl on the door and picked up the white collar that meant he was a sub and single, buckling it round his throat and toeing off his shoes before heading inside.

Half an hour later he was 100 dollars up and chained to a cross, blindfolded.

Sitting in the centre of the club with several podiums all within eye shot, Hannibal Lecter was just settling into another night of the same thing. He would drink, smoke and enjoy everything his club had to offer him, even if it was becoming more and more tedious by the second. Reaching over for one of the leather clad servers to light his cigarette, Hannibal dragged his eyes over the club - he liked to keep an eye out for any potential trouble and more than that he was known to dispense his own kind of justice on rule breakers, to the point that the police had given up coming when called; the drama was always long over by the time they arrived.

Running a hand through his greying hair, the club owner's attention was pulled away from the conversation he was only half listening to between his men when a bare chested curly haired male wearing a sub collar stepped through the door, working the club like only a professional could. Normally, he refused to let any of the sort in, they tended to leave infection and piss poor handjobs in their wake but this one… Something about him piqued his interest, the big bad wolf within spotting a lamb ripe for the slaughter.

Ten minutes later and Hannibal was excusing himself from the VIP booth, taking a fresh glass of bourbon and a new cigarette with him as he steadily made a round of the room in the opposite direction to the sub, stopping every so often to whisper suggestions in the dominant's ears or taking a minute to enjoy a scene in one of the more secluded rooms.

Upon reaching the crucifix room, Hannibal's usually stoic expression became one of unbridled dominance, so much so that the bystanders in the room departed quickly - rumours were good for one thing, they kept everyone scared as they should be - leaving only Hann and the whip wielding dominatrix in the room.

Placing his glass down only long enough to shrug off his jacket and hang it up, leaving him dressed in a royal blue button down shirt with the top half of his chest exposed and his very expensive suit pants, Hannibal pressed into the Domme's personal space, letting his hand trail down her side to grip her ass while the other flicked his ash in her cleavage, "Take a break, Tabitha.. This one's mine." He breathed in her ear, pulling away with a dark look in his eye that said not to question him as he took the whip from her hand then stepped aside to let her out.

Just before she was out of reach, Hannibal's wrist flicked out to swat her full across the ass but Tabitha caught it before he could pull the whip completely out of grasp again, "Don't do that again." She growled lowly, hating that all Hann did was smirk at her even more before tugging her close to close a hand around her throat just as he kissed her possessively.

"Don't go forgetting who taught you all your tricks, Tabby.. I said take a break, that means now." He glared, shoving her of and away from him, turning his back on her for good measure as he slunk around the still chained and blindfolded male on the crucifix.

Stopping just in front of him, the crime boss took the opportunity to study each and every detail on the slim captive, "You're a pretty little thing, aren't you." He stated, not needing an answer from the submissive as he took another walk around him, allowing the tip of the whip to trail along his chest, "Tell me, do you know who I am? Answer truthfully and you'll get the whip, if you do not… Well, it's best you don't lie to me."

Will froze when he heard a second set of footsteps enter the room, these weren't heels - not another Domme then. The blindfold had been his request, he'd had Tabitha before and he trusted her, eye contact always put him off during a job, it made him feel connected and with those clients that he knew he found it easier not to connect but now he was regretting it. He was a whore, he accepted that, but he was also a careful one, he had rules. Will Graham had been on the streets since he was sixteen, picked up by Chilton a year later, he'd been in this game a very long time and a few bad experiences early on had taught him a lot.

1, Unprotected sex was a hard limit

2, If he coloured out it stopped. If it didn't stop then he wouldn't be responsible for what he did. Despite what many cretins believed forcing sex on a whore was still rape, not *theft*, and he was the living proof of that.

3, Money up front. No exceptions.

Three simple rules which meant he made a lot less money than his younger colleagues and it meant Chilton hated him but it also meant that he'd only ever had three major hospital trips and no diseases in his 8 year career.

That was why he was nervous. There was a new John in the room, one he hadn't vetted, so didn't know his rules. He swallowed heavily as the man spoke, he had an idea of who it could be - only one man would dare dismiss a Domme mid scene like that - but he couldn't be certain. He'd spent years avoiding the man, any one sensible did.

"I…" He stopped to clear his dry throat, "Can't be sure. Never met you before obviously… but I could hazard a guess." Will could almost feel the sarcasm bubbling out of him even as he tried to shut himself up, his mouth had gotten him into trouble more than once but he couldn't help it, "Tabby's gonna be pissed as hell though. She paid 100 bones for the privilege of whipping my skin off… You owe her about 75, I'd say." As terrified as Will was, he wasn't a meek little kid anymore and he refused to act like one

Hannibal tilted his head to the side, inhaling deeply as the air changed around him, "You're scared- No, that's not it…" He took another long deep inhale, ending up with his nose right to Will's throat, the pulsing of his blood just against his lips, "You're nervous…. Good, that is the correct response." He grinned, running his tongue along the other male's neck and up to his cheek where he bit his cheekbone sharply, "Ah, ah, none of that. I don't tolerate submissives with attitude problems."

Rolling his eyes even though the sub couldn't see, Hannibal hung with whip back on the rack to roll his sleeves up, stopping for a second to sip his drink and flick the ash from his cigarette again, "Tabby will get over it, perhaps I'll buy her a new diamond necklace or that sex swing she's had her eye on for months." The older male shrugged, once again standing in front of the cross with a slightly firmer whip in hand than the one he'd taken from Tabitha, "You didn't answer my question, sub. For someone who wants their skin whipped off, you're doing a lousy job of working for it." To punctuate his point, Hannibal smacked the palm of his hand, the crack echoing around the room, "I will not repeat the question. Answer me or I will leave you where you currently hang and hand you over to all the club's current patrons, do you understand me?"

Will rolled his eyes behind his blindfold, he was now almost 100% sure that he knew who the man in the room with him once. And whilst he wasn't scared he was uneasy - just as the man had deduced. He also found the whole situation mildly amusing, Chilton would be creaming his pants if he knew who Will was currently in the room with. His pimp was terrified of Hannibal Lecter, mob boss of the city, but equally he wanted him. Or at least he wanted his power, his money. He'd been trying to sell his whores to the man for years and had yet to manage.

"I didn't say I wanted my skin whipped of." Will drawled, "Though frankly at this point it would be a distraction from the pain of being suspended. What I said was that she paid to do it - there's very little I wouldn't do for enough money. So what do you say *Mr Lecter*? An even grand gets me for the whole night… as long as you wrap your dick and stop when you hear 'red'."

The younger male was desperately trying to sound like he couldn't care less but his heart was racing. If he didn't give Chilton at least one and half thousand by the end of the night he was out in the cold and the money would be taken out of his flesh for good measure, it had been a slow month for him, he'd gotten the flu which had limited his intake of clients. Truth be told he still wasn't over the illness completely but he couldn't afford not to be. It was also getting harder and harder for him out on the streets. He was only twenty five but that was ancient in his game, every week younger and younger brats encroached on his turf.

Closing the gap between the two of them, Hannibal pinched the submissive's nipple, using enough nail to draw blood before stepping back again to lick at his bloody thumb and forefinger, "What did I say about attitude?" He took a deep breath before bringing the whip down across the younger male's thighs, "But, I also keep my word about rewards. Well done for figuring it out, I had hoped it wouldn't take so long, I'd much rather be inflicting pain on you."

Hannibal pressed in close again, his thigh slipping between Will's as his arms draped around his neck, holding the whip in his hands to slap at his asscheeks, "Just a grand? For someone so perfectly submissive as you? I should have known…" He pulled away just as quickly, the whip smacking the sub across the chest to leave a dark red welt, "Three grand gets you off this cross, no wrap and I'll consider your traffic light system."

The mob boss knew exactly who's prices were that cheap in comparison to some of what he provided to those exclusive few, Chilton had been trying to sell him his good for years, each time they were the same old sob story with a different hair cut; Mommy was a loser, Daddy always hit me or vice versa. But this particular whore was something different, Hann remembered hearing something about a male working the street nearby, wasn't often working but he made an impression on those he did managed to secure payment with.

"I'll need you to assure me your limits have never been bought before and perhaps I'll even tell Chilton I'll knock ten thousand off what he owes me for blow." Hannibal had wrapped a hand in Will's hair, fingers dancing over the knot on the blindfold, "What do you think little lamb? Your time must be coming to an end on street corners… I can put you to much better use in here, with all the dominance you can stand - provided you live up to inspection, of course." He chuckled, rolling onto the balls of his feet to suck the slim male's lower lip into his mouth, exhaling smoke into Will's as he searched for a place to stub out the dog end; Hann moved the hot end along Will's arm, letting him feel the vague heat before moving away to travel down his torso, stopping uncomfortably close to the waist band of the sub's pants before the dominant eventually stubbed it out on the back of the wooden crucifix.

With a cry of pain, Will arched into the hand on his nipple, but even through the pain he could feel himself growing hard without the confines of his tight leather pants. Nipple play had always been a weakness of his. Objectification and humiliation too, if he could find the right Dom. And Hannibal definitely seemed to be the right Dom.

Will hesitated, it was an intriguing proposition, he'd been trying to get out from under Chilton's thumb for years but once the man had you, he had you. You had to pay him ninety percent of whatever you earned but even then your debts to him just kept rising and rising. Every time Will tried to leave he was reminded of the amount that he now supposedly 'owed'

the man for board and food (what little they were given) and protection. He was also warned exactly what would happen to him if he tried to run out on his 'debt' - after 8 years the amount was in it's tens of thousands. Will was scared of very little, but he was scared of Chilton and the goons he hired, they'd broken into his room once too often for him not to be.

"That… Wouldn't satisfy him." Will mumbled regretfully, "Look just… I'm not saying I'm not interested but it isn't that easy. Do you inspection, play your scene and then get me down from here and we can talk the particulars. Okay?"

He trembled at the feel of the scorching heat on his skin, he thought the was terrified at the thought of it but he actually found himself disappointed when it was put out on the cross and not his own skin.

Crouching down for a second, Hannibal ran his tongue over the very obvious outline of the submissive male's length through his pants, grazing his teeth just over the head before he straightened back up, "Very interesting… You're more fun that I realised." He purred, watching the cogs turn in the other male's head, he knew enough about Chilton to know he treated his whores worse than dogs, the ones had had parading around his house as dogs got it even worse. The offer had to be a tempting one, and one that he intended to keep if the young man agreed to it.

Hannibal's smirk dropped a fraction, the hand in Will's hair pulling tightly and he was sure he'd pulled more than a few hairs out by the root, "Oh no, that's not how this works. You do as *I* say, not the other way around." He backhanded the sub with his freehand before pressing their foreheads together, "My inspection is my fucking you, the particulars must be hashed out beforehand."

Nostrils flaring again, Hann narrowed his eyes just a little at the disappointment he sensed. Never one to be a disappointment he ran his tongue over the sub's bleeding nipple, "If we come to an agreement… I'll have Tabby walk all over you in only stilettos while I brand you over and over.." To make his point, the club owner palmed the sub through his leather pants, giving him just more than enough pressure for there to be a smidge of pain, "How about we get you off this thing, have a drink and talk about my offer? I'm sure we can come to some form of arrangement that best suits us both."

Panting softly, Will nodded, the pain and the pleasure over taking his mind and making it difficult to concentrate on anything else. He knew that this could just be a case of jumping straight out of the frying pan and into the fire. Hannibal was just as renowned as Chilton but for different reasons. People who worked for Hannibal spoke highly of him. He was tough, hell he was deadly, but he was *fair* and he did his own dirty work, Where as Chilton was dangerous, and he was a rat. He used big heavies to do his killing for him and he would stab you in the back as soon as look at you.

Will had been kicked out of the house by an alcoholic father, he'd spent a year living by stealing what he could but he was close to starving and freezing to death when Frederick Chilton had found him, Will had thought he was helping him but he had never been more wrong.

He groaned deeply at the thought of being branded by Hannibal, creaming his pants before he could even think about it, “Y-Yeah…” He mumbled, “Please… Let me down… S-Sir?” He stuttered over the title, uncertainty colouring his tone, every Dom had a preferred way of being addressed.

“Good..” He purred, reaching up to release the chains that bound the younger male to the crucifix, an arm wrapped around his waist t keep him steady as he got safely back to his feet, “Now, what is your name - and don’t offend me with your street name, I want your real one please.” Hannibal stated softly, easing the knot from the blindfold (one of Tabby’s silk scarves) and slowly removed it from Will’s eyes to wrap the scrap of silk around his own neck for later.

Once he was sure the submissive was steady once more, Hannibal picked up his glass to drain it slowly, his eyes never leaving the younger male until he placed the glass back down on the table next to him, “Come, sub. Lets go and sit down.” The older male hooked his index finger through the white leather collar, not quite pulling Will along behind him but giving him no choice but to follow as he pushed through the gathered voyeurs around cages, doorways and two way mirrors.

Will sniffled softly, the burning mark on his cheek from being backhanded keeping him perfectly submissive as the pain kept him grounded. He slumped into strong arms as he was let down, the muscles between his shoulder blade’s screaming at him in protest. Curiously, Will looked up through his eyelashes to look over the legend that was Hannibal Lecter. He was stunning. Danger and intrigue rolled off him and Will just wanted to reach out and touch.

The submissive kept his eyes down as he followed Hannibal through the club. He couldn’t help but imagine himself in different coloured colour, one that said he was claimed, with a leash attached. The thought created a warm feeling in the pit of his stomach that he wasn’t used to. It wanted to be owned. Will bit his tongue hard, he couldn’t screw this up by being his usual sarcastic self.

“Will…” He whispered uncertainly, not used to giving his first name out, “Will Graham. And for the record I’ve not let anyone use me unwrapped for a long time but… Chilton and his heavies they… they have keys to all of our rooms and when I don’t make rent…” Will shrugged, looking up into the corner of the room so that he didn’t have to look into the older man’s eyes, trying to will the burning sensation in his own down, “And most of them are too stupid to understand the word ‘no’. I just… don’t want to lie to you.”

Sitting down in the booth at the centre of the club, Hannibal dismissed everyone else with a simple wave of his hand, gesturing to the bar that he wanted serving right away before turning to face his guest, “Well, Will… You are something completely different, are you not?” He asked rhetorically, running his hand through his long silver hair to reveal the pin up tattoo on the left side of his neck, “I’d ask who trained you but that kind of submission is born, not not made.”

Listening as his tapped another cigarette from his packet, the older male lit it with a match which he shook out and tossed into the crystal ashtray in the centre of the table. He offered the pack to the sub with a nod, “Chilton gives off that kind of aura, I should have known that he was the reason the streets are still crawling with infection and worse.” Hann took a long

drag and held it in, eyes burning into Will's, even as he wouldn't make eye contact, "When was the last time you were tested? And the last time you didn't make rent, if that happens to be after the last test. We have a discreet service here, takes a couple of days usually but if you know the right buttons to press it can be sped up significantly."

Hannibal heard footsteps behind him, assuming it was the serving girl with the two whiskeys he wanted, he held a hand up waiting for the glass only to have the silk scarf around his neck pulled taught between two skilled hands. Without a second though, the crime boss pulled his hand gun from the waistband of his pants and had it held under the chin of his would be strangler.

"Is that a gun under my chin or are you just happy to see me?" A rich and husky voice questioned, fingers releasing the scrap of silk as Tabitha slid over the back of the booth to sit next to Hannibal, legs draping across his lap as she handed over one of the glasses to Will before sipping Hannibal's, "How did your usurped whipping session go?" The female asked, tilting her head to look over the young male's almost unmarked skin, "That well? Shame to waste so much of your money to appease me for stealing my sub."

Smirking as he slipped the safety back onto his gun and lowered it, Hannibal chuckled, "I'm always happy to see you, my dear." He tossed the gun onto the table, rolling his eyes as the redhead began to drink his whiskey - he took it from her before she could have a chance to finish it, "It went well enough… I think I got my point across, don't you, William?"

"I'm clean." Will promised quickly, not even having to think about it, "It was a month ago and I always go straight the the clinic after. I… I'm not your usual whore." He shrugged, rolling his shoulders to alleviate the ache, "And I'm not saying that to be cocky… although I'm the most sarcastic submissive you'll ever meet." Will chuckled, still not looking up from the table, "Just… I've been doing this a long time and… I don't intend to be stopped just because I've gotten complacent or stupid. I've got the paperwork in my room if you need proof."

He played with his fingers in his lap, offering Tabitha a small smile when she joined them, he'd always liked her. She was kind to him and fair, but she was an awesome Domme. She was harsh with him like he needed but she never made him feel worthless and she was the only client he'd ever had who bothered with aftercare or praise, "H-Hi, Mistress." Will smiled shyly, a light blush colouring his cheeks, "I'll… give you a free session sometime to make up for it. I like it when you play with me…" The younger male turned his attention back to Hannibal, though he still couldn't quite meet his eyes, "I just want to ask… Are you just… wanting to buy me for a set period or are we talking getting me out of Chilton's for good? Because… that's what I want but it won't be easy. I'm twenty five and I've been with him since I was seventeen. Rat Bastard reckons I owe him a ton by now…"

Hannibal's tongue ran across his lower lip as he watched Will closely as he tried to ease the ache between his shoulders, "No you really are not.." He chuckled, taking another sip of his drink and letting his fingers dance across the skintight latex separating him from Tabby, "Speaking of clean; you had an addiction are you clean or will you be requiring rehab? The odd line of this and that is acceptable but if you cannot do your job there is no point in keeping you around in the first place."

Waving his hand dismissively, Hann's eyes continued to burn into the top of Will's head. Having seen the mess Chilton tended to call his whores, and the way they were broken in for sale, it wasn't a surprise that the slim male avoided eye contact with everyone; all the better to not invoke a paying client's wrath, "I don't need proofs, I trust you well enough. If my Tabby trusts you then that's good enough for me."

Tabitha stretched out across Hannibal's legs, the heels of her boots digging just enough into Will's thigh to make a difference, "No need for a freebie, I think I've got what I paid for already." She smiled softly, looking between both men for a long moment before catching up to everything pretty quickly. She knew Hannibal almost better than she knew herself and that was enough to get her up, climbing over the older male (sticking her ass in her face as she moved around the booth) to straddle Will's lap where she tugged his head back with a hand in his hair, "Shhhh." She whispered, a finger settling over his lips as she smiled down at the young sub, "We don't do short term leasing, sweetheart. We buy to keep." As Tabby spoke, her lips traced Will's jawline and up over the shell of his ear.

"And that's exactly what I intend to do." Hannibal finished with a fond smack to the female's ass, "Go and fetch me Chilton's ledger, Kitten. Daddy needs to come up with a good enough offer that our dear Frederick cannot refuse to hand our new toy over." He smiled, watching as she pouted but did as she said, releasing Will to slide across Hann's lap once more, teasing him enough that his focus was drawn away from his cigarette which she snagged just as she got to her feet, turning to climb the stairs to the back office leaving Hannibal to growl under his breath about women driving him insane.

Will took the offered cigarette, perhaps a little slower than he normally would have and hesitated, not sure if he could ask for it to be lit, just fiddling with it to give his fingers something to do, "It's an old habit. I got into it about a year after Chilton found me. Went cold turkey when I realised just how much it was jacking up my debts." He shrugged, meeting Hannibal's eyes briefly and feeling like the wind had been knocked out of him as he dropped his gaze again, his eyes were amazing, the strength that they gave out was near enough terrifying.

He moaned she his lap was suddenly filled with Tabitha, she was the only woman that he'd ever been able to get hard for without help, there was something about her that drew him in. His mind was suddenly full of fantasies that he barely dared to dream of. A home with Tabitha and Hannibal, being their pet, serving both of them 24/7. Will licked his lips as her felt her mouth on his jaw, his head tipping backwards involuntarily, his eyelids flickering. Then suddenly she was gone. He blinked owlishly, unable to stop his pout.

Taking a deep, fortifying breath, Will forced himself to meet and hold Hannibal's gaze, if they were going to hash out the particulars of a contract then he needed to grow a pair, "So… I… I'm willing to forgo my usual "wrapped only" policy when it comes to you." He said quietly, his voice only shaking a little, he was so close to having everything he'd ever dreamed of, "I'm under no illusions, Sir… I never graduated High School… My education leaves a lot to be desired. I have no prospects other than what I do now and… while I don't like certain aspects of the job I love others. And I'm good at it. I want… my dream… I would like to be owned. I 24/7 sub. I understand if you don't want me… But if you're just buying me from Chilton to use in your club I would request that everyone else who uses me practices

safe sex. No offence but half the guys who use this place are dirty as fuck and unfortunately I know most people they've been in so… Other than that I have very few terms. Apart from my traffic lights. I've had some… not so good experiences." He sounded almost apologetic but he needed to get it across, he'd never had anyone else to protect him so he'd learned to protect himself, at least where he could.

Hannibal watched with undisguised amusement, watching the female as she disappeared into the crowd and out of sight, "She's a cock tease, my wife. Unfortunately that's all her, and I'm loathe to change her that much. She wouldn't be the same woman I married." He chuckled, slipping down in his seat just enough that his spread knee brushed against Will's, "Then that'll be where your current debts lie, with rent and food on top of that the figure must be ever increasing." He tutted, the corner of his mouth lifting up when the submissive finally looked at him only to look away just as quickly, "I intimidate you. There really is no need, unless you're here to steal either money or drugs, you're safer with me than away from me." He shrugged a little, placing his glass down on the surface of the table to slowly swirl the contents within, watching the amber liquid as it licked up the side of the glass.

When he eventually dragged his eyes from the hypnotising sight, Hannibal finally got to make real eye contact with the male we was effectively buying out of prostitution and couldn't help the genuine smile that graced his sharp features; Will was beautiful, that much was obvious from all the way across the room but when you had the opportunity to meet his gorgeous blue eyes you could clearly see there was something deeper within him, something he kept guarded from all his other johns. Hannibal nodded as he listened to the younger male listing his terms all the while running the tips of his fingers along the barrel of his gun.

When the other had finished speaking, Hannibal replayed each section in his mind in order to answer each part in turn, "Were I only buying you for the club I'd have sent someone else to talk to you, William." He half smiled, lifting one shoulder in a shrug, "Let me explain something to you, Will; You intrigue me, have done from the moment I watched you walk in here tonight and that's not something I can say ever happens. I work a lot like yourself, I see Johns and audience members in here, that's it. I'm here to make my money just as you were doing what you had to so you'd survive."

Shifting across the booth until his leg was pressed directly against Will's, Hannibal leant into the submissive's personal space, lowering his voice just a little enough that he was growling right next to his ear, "You no longer need be concerned about surviving, just serving us and our every need while we cater to yours.. I can have Tabby draw up a real contract if that is something you wish, we can include hard limits and what we will expect of you day to day." He sucked a dark mark behind the slim male's ear, "You will be under our care until you wish to lea, we have a get out clause for all submissives as standard."

Tabitha weaved through the crowd, smacking Johns on the back of the head or in the crotch when they got too grabby or just didn't move like they should have when she made her way back to the booth, raising an eyebrow at the two males, "Having fun without me? I'm hurt." She mock pouted, dropping the thick ledger book to the table where it fell open to the current page, the entire double spread covered in Hannibal's exquisite cursive handwriting, "Everything the shoulder pad wearing prick owes." She said, pulling herself up on the table and waving a topless server over for a drink.

Will shivered softly, the booth being under an air vent was absolutely freezing on his bare chest, especially given that he was still getting over the flu, but he knew better to complain. He let out a noise that was almost a purr as he felt the man press against him, subconciously leaning into him for affection and warmth. Forcing himself to listen to everything Hannibal was saying to him he nodded hesitantly, his eyes flickering between him and the gun,

“I… I get what you’re saying. I want to trust you and feel comfortable around you but everything I’ve ever been told about you leads me to believe you’re a big bad mob boss who’d shoot me rather than look at me.” Will licked his dry lips, “I’ll get there I’m sure. I don’t need a contract… I don’t know you yet but I trust Mistress, she’s been one of my regulars for over a year now and she knows what I like.” The younger male forced himself to tilt his head upwards, finding Hannibal a lot closer than he was expecting as he looked into his eyes, “I have no hard limits other than what we’ve already talked about. I’m more than willing to try anything at least once. I… I enjoy pet play to a point and if I’m going to be your sub I’d like to be collared.”

Will hesitated a little unsure how to proceed but he took confidence in the fact Tabitha had joined them, “I told you I wanted to be a 24/7 sub and I do!” He hurried to reassure Hannibal, not wanting to anger the man, “But I… I like aftercare too and… and the nice stuff as well as the bad, you know… being looked after and petted if I’m good and punished if I’m bad. I get it if you don’t want to do all that stuff, a lot of Dom’s don’t but Mistress has always been up for it so I… thought I’d mention it just… just in case y’know? I also… I know you’re pretty heavily into the mob. Chilton talks… a lot… and you should know that I’m handy with a gun and I can take care of myself if I need to. That’s not a problem.”

When the ledger was placed in front of them, he couldn’t help but crane his neck to look, the bastard had been on his case for years, it would be nice to see how much trouble he’d gotten himself into. Before he could comment though a wet, hacking cough bubbled up, straining his chest as he fought for control, “S-Sorry…” He choked, downing the whisky which only made it worse, “I’ll be okay in a minute.”

Hannibal made a face that said he couldn’t fault the younger male for his truth, he would much rather face a harsh truth than deal with an agreeable liar at a later date. He smirked, almost feral in the way he revealed just a hint of teeth as he did so, watching Will’s eyes flit from him to the gun and back again; he stopped playing with the gun after a moment, his hand slowly sliding across the surface of the table, “You have nothing to fear from me, my work and connections do not affect the relationship I have with a submissive. Chilton has probably told you a lot of this and he has very good reason to fear me, he owes me a lot of money and not just that.”

Plucking an ice cube from his glass, Hann popped it into his mouth and crunched through it as he listened intently to the slim male, barely paying any mind to Tabby as she sat herself on the table practically in front of him, “You like your Mistress do you?” He purred, leaning closer once more to suck Will’s lobe into his mouth, teeth grazing over the sensitive flesh as he let it go, “Who do you think taught her everything she knows?” He finished, letting one hand slip from the table to the male’s thigh while the other mirrored his actions but slipped under Tabby’s latex skirt, “All the stroking and the praise… The after care, the twisted fantasies, those all stem from what I taught my submissive from day one.”

As he spoke, Hannibal's hand moved determinedly higher on Will's inner thigh, never quite touching where he needed it but from the way Tabitha had all but melted on the table top it was clear Hannibal was pushing every button, "You see? I took my pretty little submissive, cared for her, fostered her desire to inflict pain and then I set her free on the rest of these miserable assholes. She's ever so good at following orders, she'll teach you well." Watching the slim male's face, the older male tried to read just how much this meant to the submissive male to be a part of a round the clock BDSM relationship, "I trust you know that collaring is a very large step in such circumstances? I do not collar a sub until they have earned it. Though, I will grant you a temporary one to show the clientele that you're no longer single. Anything else will be obvious enough." He added with a glint in his eye.

Tabitha bit her already blood red lip against a moan, Hannibal's talented fingers were twisting and curling in delicious ways and try as she might she was struggling to keep focused enough to order herself a drink when the serving girl arrived. Hearing Will's cough though, she gripped her husband's hand tightly between her thighs stopping him from moving as she leaned across the table to press a hand to the sub's forehead, "He has a fever. I told you that fucking vent was going to cost someone's health!" She scowled at the older male, forcefully pulling his hand from where it was tucked, "Get me a glass of water and a beer. Take the beer to the office, I want the water now." Tabby ordered the topless waitress who simply squeaked at being ordered by the domme and rushed to do as she was told.

"You simply complain because you sit under it with me and you're always dressed in barely anything." Hannibal shot back at the female with an eyebrow raised, sucking his fingers clean before he leaned in to scent the male properly for the first time. He hummed as he pulled away, looking up at the rather pissed face of his wife, "He has the remnants of the flu, no longer contagious but still not well." The dom raked his eyes over Will's chest, "I expect standing outside for hours with no shirt on limits your recovery time." He chuckled as the server bought the water over and placed it down to excuse herself; while everybody else was distracted, he grabbed his gun from the table and took a hold of the first man who passed by's jacket, holding the muzzle of the gun to the back of his head, "You have five seconds to part with that jacket or it's eternal darkness for you." He growled, taking the soft leather jacket as it was removed and handed over and tossing it to Tabby as he roughly shoved the man away with a laugh, "You're too easy Demetrius, it's not even cocked, you shit yourself for nothing." Hannibal continued laughing even as he sat back down to see the female draping the jacket over Will's shoulders and offering him the glass of water while glaring at the older male, "What? It's my club, I scare the clients if I want."

Will's mind was racing, it sounded to him like he was about to get everything he had ever dreamed of and he couldn't quite believe that it was actually happening. Moaning softly at the fingers on his leg he cursed himself when his illness ruined the moment.

Still, it felt nice to be cared for, he couldn't remember the last time that had happened - actually he could. He'd been ten and he'd had a sickness bug, his mom had looked after him, she'd left a couple of months after that. Then it had been six years of fighting to have enough to survive and avoiding his stepfather who was indifferent to him when sober and violent when drunk - which was most of the time - before he'd finally been thrown out of the house. Will shrank into the warmth of the soft leather jacket, hugging it around himself as he decided there and then that the owner of the clothing was never going to see it again. He

practically whimpered at the soft touch to his forehead as he downed the water, “I’m okay…” He promised, “Just like you said… I had the flu, that’s why I haven’t earned so much this month. Today was my first day back on the job to try and put together my rent before tonight and… Chilton likes us to slow at least some skin. I managed to get away without having to wear the hot pants, I took that as a plus…” He froze suddenly, shrinking into Tabitha’s side and slipping a little behind Hannibal as he nodded towards the door, “He’s here.”

Chilton stood tall in the doorway, trying to look intimidating but just looking out of place with two, huge bodyguards on either side of him. His gaze was sweeping the room, obviously either trying to find new kids to add to his books or check to make sure the ones he already had signed were doing their jobs properly.

Slipping from the table onto the leather of the booth, Tabitha tenderly brushed aside Will’s curls from his forehead as he drank his glass of water, “Why does that not surprise me? Doesn’t he realise the best way to sell flesh is only to reveal enough that it leaves the buyer wanting more.” She rolled her eyes a little before giving Hannibal an exasperated look at the sight of the two big heavies with Chilton, “I thought you told him he wasn’t welcome here?”

“I did.” Hannibal growled, surging to his feet to face the door with a glower, he tracked each of Chilton’s movements, following his line of sight to people he knew to be new to the club and a few he recognised from working the streets. Clenching his jaw, Han waved once of his men over and leaned down to mutter something by his ear, watching as he nodded and left to eject Chilton’s whores.

Tabitha’s eyes took in the tensing muscles of Hannibal’s back as she took Will’s hand in her own and draped one leg over the male’s to claim her property, “Stay with me and don’t talk unless spoken to. He’ll do more than backhand you to make his point.” She breathed, her own muscles coiling in preparation for a fight.

Hannibal focused his attention back to the door, his eyes narrowed as he pointed at Chilton and beckoned him over, hoping he had enough sense to not bring his lackeys with him. He turned to sit down again, clicking his fingers for a fresh drink as he scanned the ledger then slammed it closed to toss it to Tabby who stowed it under one of the cushions.

Will’s thigh vibrated nervously under Tabitha’s leg but he nodded, gripping her hand as tightly as he dared and running one finger under the chafing material of the sub collar - the one’s the club gave out were far from comfortable, “I feel like I should be kneeling…” He whispered worriedly, suppressing another cough. He’d had no formal training, he was just naturally submissive and it was something that he craved, even more so since meeting Tabitha, he didn’t want to disappoint.

Chilton paled a little as he caught Hannibal’s eye, he liked to think that he was up there with Lecter in the crime sector, he talked a big game but realistically he knew that Hannibal ran the city, he just didn’t like it. His eyes flickered over the booth and the fear in his face melted into fury as he turned dark, threatening eyes on Will Graham. He hated Will, the kid had been on his books for years and he’d always been more trouble than he was worse, running his mouth, creating stupid rules, failing to pay on time. His latest stunt had been refusing to work for two weeks because he’d been ‘ill’ - today he’d been practically forced out of the door and here he was sat drinking and covered up and acting as if he didn’t have $1500 to pay by the

end of the night, the little shit. Muttering to his heavies to stay put he sauntered over to the booth, sliding in to sit on the other side of Will and reaching to grip the back of his whore's collar, pulling the sharp fake leather taught so that Will could barely breath, the collar pressing painfully on his larynx which was already swollen due to his illness.

"Hannibal, Tabitha…." He greeted smoothly, as if they were old friends, though his hand tightened more on the collar, causing Will to let out a soft choking noise, "I apologise for William here, I made it very clear that none of my kids were supposed to come in here - as we agreed. This one must have strayed. I'm sorry that he bothered you… I'll get him out of the way and then we can talk about my next delivery of *stock* from yourselves, yes?"

For his part, Will tried to stay limp and obedient but he couldn't help but struggle a little in panic as his vision began to grey out at the edges.

Tabby ran soothing fingers through Will's curls, making her point that she'd paid for his time and she was going to get every penny's worth; She shook her head a little, shushing the sub, "I wouldn't worry about kneeling, you're really not the one who might leave in a body bag." She said it off hand, clearly used to seeing this kind of macho competition for years.

As Chilton approached, Hannibal sat himself a little closer next to his wife and tried to keep the disgust from his expression as the stench of cheap aftershave assaulted his nostrils. In an effort to distract himself, Hann ran his fingers along Tabitha's exposed collarbone, barely looking up as the other male sat himself down, "Frederick.." He acknowledged drumming his fingers on the table top as a signal to the female when he saw the abuse he was putting Will through, "Oh? So you weren't just casing my club for new girls and checking on the five, no make that six, whores I just had ejected through the back door?" The elder male smiled faintly before tutting, sipping at his fresh drink, "Really now Chilton, I thought you knew better than that."

Seeing Hannibal's signal, Tabitha slipped one hand behind her back to withdraw a small curved blade from the back of her corset, pulling it out behind Will's head to slice through the collar and restore his oxygen intake. As she sliced through the cheap leather, her other hand slipped under the table to where they always kept a spare gun strapped to the table, keeping it hidden as she silently clicked off the safety.

"You've gotten your wire crossed somewhere along the line, you think you can tell me how to conduct business in my club? Would you like me to have you thrown out the front door for all your girls to see? Because I can arrange that, or you can do it my way?" Hann smiled politely, gesturing to Tabby and Will, "My lady paid for services, we will be taking those services in full." He knew the mention of money would get Chilton to give up any arguments about Will being sat with them, or at least he hoped the idea of their money would shut him up long enough to really piss him off.

Will fell forwards, hands on the table as the grip around his neck disappeared, he coughed weakly, downing the rest of his water to get control before freezing as he realised he was drawing attention to the booth. He swallowed painfully, rubbing a hand over the angry red mark on his throat and melting back into Tabitha's side. Everything in him was begging him to crawl between Hannibal and his Mistress and away from the man who currently owned him but he wanted to be good so he kept quiet. He wanted to snap at Chilton, point out that

he was earning the money for him until he'd interrupted but he thought back to Tabitha's warning to hold his tongue and took her advice - he wanted to be a good submissive, he was determined to prove that he could be.

Frederick scowled as the collar came away in his hands, he did so enjoy having that power. He'd always tried to dominate his whore's but Will especially, there was something about the man that made Chilton want him. Even after all these years of breaking him in, he'd never managed to beat the smart mouth out of him and that pissed him off. He was all for a challenge but Will was proving more difficult than he would have liked.Unfortunately as much as Tabitha wound Chilton up, he knew that it wasn't worth picking a fight with her - Hannibal was ridiculously protective over the woman. Throwing the collar down on the table he shrugged, "Whatever you say. I just hope that little Willie remembers that he has a rather large payment due tonight…" He glowered dangerously at the young man that he considered property, "And to be fair, it doesn't seem like your woman is getting her money's worth."

Will couldn't resist an eye roll, Chilton was a sexist pig, he saw woman and submissive's as the dirt under his shoe and he wasn't afraid to show it. But he probably should be afraid to call Tabitha 'woman' he couldn't imagine it going down well with either Hannibal or Mistress herself.

Turning his attention back to Hannibal, Chilton crossed his arms, "So. Delivery? Make this one bigger than last time and better quality… the last stuff was shit."

*'Beggars can't be choosers.'* Will thought furiously, looking at his lap and not daring to meet Chilton's eyes, much as he hated the man he did scare him, he'd been conditioned for that the be the case, *'Bet you didn't even pay for it…'*

Tabitha tucked her knife away quickly, knowing it was best not to keep a weapon in plain sight around Chilton, he was unpredictable when cornered and this was definitely an ambush from all sides. Trigger finger twitching just a little, Tabby ran her fingers through Will's hair, pressing tender kissed to his jaw only to bite at the point where jaw met neck at the pimps general disregard for her.

Hannibal growled, his gun cocked and aimed at the other male's head at the mention of the word woman, "My wife is not a piece of meat, you treat her with the respect she deserves." He snapped, pressing the gun against the pimp's forehead until he was sure it would leave a mark while the club's patrons went back to their business, knowing anyone caught staring would be shot without question, "Now, you sit there and shut the fuck up while I give you my terms for a deal or the gun to your head will be the least of your worries." The grey haired male nodded toward the table with an eyebrow quirked at Chilton as the unmistakable sound of a gun cocking under the table could be heard.

"That's a Glock 19 aimed at your cock and it's *real* happy to see you, Freddy." Tabby said faux sweetly, "If I were you I'd do as he says, you know what happens to anyone who thinks they can dictate to the Lecters."

Hannibal ran his tongue along Tabitha's jaw, withdrawing his own gun to tuck it in the back of his pants again, leaving the dominatrix to keep her aim on Chilton's crown jewels, "So, are you ready to hear our terms for the next shipment? Which will be the standard we always

provide you with, it's not my issue if you're cutting the product when you take it back to your brothel."

Will let out a soft yelp at the bite, instantly curling his legs underneath him at the sound of the gun cocking. The last thing he wanted was to be covered in bloody bits of Chilton's cock, that would really ruin his night. He shivered at Hannibal's tone, it was amazing, pure dominance, pure sex, he shifted awkwardly in his too tight leather pants and dared to look up, wanting to see the fear in Chilton's eyes.

For his part, Frederick was just happy that he managed not to piss himself, there was one place he'd never wanted to feel the cold bite of metal and that was there. Narrowing his eyes at Will as if this was all his fault he cleared his throat awkwardly, "No offence meant, of course…" He continued on smoothly, "You know I respect both of you. So go on… Your terms? Have they changed since last time? I thought we had a good thing going. *Eyes down, whore!*" He suddenly snarled at Will. He would be polite and play good boy to the Lecter's but Will was *his* and he'd taught him better than to make eye contact.

Will's fists tightened automatically but he did as he was told, pressing his face into Tabitha's sweet smelling neck in apology.

Hannibal returned his attention back to his drink, knowing that Tabby could handle herself well enough, she'd been taught everything he knew when it came to firearms and blades. Instead he watched the way Chilton abused his position with Will, clearly treating him as though he were shit on his shoe he couldn't get rid of - that didn't sit right with the dominant in him.

"Great offence taken, this stays where it is until we're finished talking, got it?" Tabby's voice took on a hard edge, the kind she tended to only use with clients and occasionally Hannibal when he asked for it. In ways it was much the same as Hannibal's but her rich voice gave her tone a much more sexual quality, even with a gun aimed at the pimp's genitals.

Shifting a little in his seat at the smell of Will's arousal, the older male smirked, "Oh yes… The deal has most definitely changed, Frederick." He hummed, lighting two cigarettes and handing one to Tabby, exhaling his full drag in Chilton's face, "You see, you clealy don't deserve what you have so I'm going to make you a deal that you simply can't refuse." Hannibal sat forward, his hands folded on the surface of the table, "I will give you the shipment you want but, I'll take it for 20 grand less, and knock say… 5 grand off your total debts. That sounds very reasonable to me, wouldn't you agree, kitten?"

"I think I can almost hear his boner hitting the table at the thought." Tabitha smirked, biting her cigarette free her hand so she could stroke Will's hair slowly, taking her time to allow him to calm down and become used to such kind contact again, "I'm surprised he'd not biting your hand off at the offer or kneeling to suck your dick in thanks."

Will tensed, waiting for Chilton's reply, this was it. Realistically he knew that if Hannibal and Tabitha wanted him, Chilton saying no wasn't going to stop them. The man could be found dead in a ditch the next morning and no one would care but he still couldn't help but shake the feeling that his pimp was going to ruin this for him.

Frederick's eyes near enough bugged out of his head at the offer, it would make a serious difference and stop him fearing that Hannibal was about to get him killed for his steadily rising debt. At the same time he was suspicious, Lecter was not best known for his great generosity, "That's…a generous offer. But what exactly is in it for you? Boy, go and get me a drink." He reached over and slipped his hand into Will's pocket, pulling out the $460 he'd collected so far that day, and groping him painfully in the process. Slowly he peeled off ten dollars and picked up Will's hand, slapping the note into it, "Go on then…" The man tutted, taking Will's chin in a bruising grip and pulling him around to face him, "Only $460… Looks like we'll be paying you a special visit again tonight, doesn't it boy?" The man was around the same age as Hannibal but somehow he managed to seem like a lecherous old man when he was all over the slight twenty five year old where as he just seemed to fit with Hannibal.

Will let out a distressed whine, trying to buck out of the bruising grip. He didn't know what to do. His loyalties were with Hannibal and Tabitha but technically Chilton still owned him, he didn't know who to obey.

Tabitha pouted at Chilton's bugged eyes, "Aw, that was the look I was hoping for with the gun to his dick." She whined, turning cold eyes onto the pimp, "Watch your tongue. Club rules state we rank higher than you, the sub listens to us while under our roof."

Hannibal chuckled, rolling his head on the back of the booth bench, he took a deep drag from his cigarette, flicking his ash, remaining silent before exhaling his smoke, "Frederick…. Frederick, Frederick, Frederick. You should do as the lady says and let our little friend go. We're not done playing with him." A smirk crawled across his lips, amusement dancing in his eyes as he watched the ever suspicious Chilton try to put it all together in his fear addled brain, "Stop thinking before you give yourself a stroke, I'm buying property from you. Namely, this one; who's safety you don't seem to care about what with your real naming him in front of myself and Tabitha." He gestured to Will as he spoke, sliding up the bench to make space for Will, "Sit. Now." He growled without taking his eyes from the other male in the booth.

Moving her gun slowly up over the table, Tabby sat herself on the surface with her legs tucked under her, aim still true and sure on the pimp's crotch, to give Will the space to move next to Hannibal, "You move a single muscle and you piss out a six inch bullet hole. You know better than that, don't you Freddy?"

Not having to be asked twice, Will scrambled into the space, far away from his pimp, the moment his face was released. He hesitated, his instinct told him to curl into the Dominant's side for safety and comfort but he didn't know Hannibal as well as he did Tabitha and he couldn't be certain how that would be received, instead his curled in on himself, chewing his nails until they bled and watching the interaction with wide eyes, flicking the ten dollar note back to Chilton, not wanting to be any more in debt to him than he already was.

Chilton's face turned slowly purple, he looked rather like a vein was about to burst in his forehead as he realised what was happening, "You… You can't possibly… Will?! You want *Will*?!" He spluttered, letting out a snort of derisive laughter, regardless of the gun trained on him, he was certain he could make another offer, "You don't want him, trust me. He's all dried up… *old*, you know? He's been doing this years and likely riddled with

diseases. Lazy little shit too, he's never been one to earn his keep. Now… For an extra five off my debt I could offer you my newest girl. Only eighteen, pretty little brunette… brand new, today was her first night out. She'd be much more your speed I'm sure…"

"Abigail?!" Will burst out, unable to stop himself, "She'll have quit by the end of tonight and you know it. She's not made for his… If you're lucky she's still alive and a John hasn't choked her to death…"

Hannibal's eyes closed over for a long moment, inhaling the scent of pure fury in all it's glory. A deep heat began to swell, settling into the older male's rapidly growing length, "You are the epitome of a rodent, aren't you Frederick? I just handed you the deal of a lifetime and you think you've got the balls to one up me?" Flicking his ash once more, Lecter spread his legs as he got comfortable for the show, a clear show of dominance, "Nobody has more balls than I do. Unfortunately for you, you're about to have no balls."

Tabitha's legs span around on the table top, her thin heels slamming down on Chilton's crotch with an audible squelch as they sank into his flesh. The female giggled, wiping her heels off on the male's pants once she'd withdrawn them again, "You have no idea what you have when it's under your nose, do you? You had the perfect submissive right there and it never once occurred to you that you could have done more than sell him for a hand job in a back alley?" She spat in the male's face, nose screwed up in disgust as she slid down from the table between Will and the pimp, "You walk around saying you own these streets but you're *sorely* mistaken and a pathetic excuse for a man."

"Speaking of. The girl you offered me? She had very dull eyes when I saw her. Not an ounce of life in them at all, then again she was in the back room on a slab. My boys are so heavy handed. Get carried away, perhaps they slit her throat. You know the usual." Hannibal looked completely delighted to be informing Chilton his new best girl was sitting at room temperature, no longer any use to anyone. He waved his hand dismissively, not caring for the other man's losses or even for the dead girl; he provided a disposal service for anyone who had the cash to pay. "I think you better take my fucking offer and get the fuck out of my club." Several guns cocked in the club, Hannibal's men were all spread through the lower floor, guns trained on Chilton's head.

Will snorted as he looked around the room, delighting in taking in the emotions that were flittering through the pimps eyes, he'd lost and he knew it. If he didn't take the offer and let Will go he'd be dead before he could stand up.

Chilton let out a, decided unmanly, shriek of pain as stilettos met sensitive flesh. He pissed himself almost instantly thanks to the pain and fear and hurried to cover the stain with his jacket. He was furious, Abigail had been his ace card, he'd abducted he after her father had been arrested for her mother's murder and he was sure she was going to make him a fortune. Every part of him wanted to shoot his traitorous whore in the head but he knew it wasn't worth it. He was never going to get the debt Will owed him and this was a good deal, "Fine." He muttered shortly, holding out his hand for Hannibal to shake, "I trust you'll let me borrow him sometimes?"

“Please…” Will muttered under this breath with an eye roll, was the man really that stupid? Even he could see that would never happen.

Tabby only laughed harder as the stench of urine hit her nostrils - more than used to having that kind of affect on her more hardcore clients - she gave a noise of disgust and jumped up to avoid being soiled herself.

Slipping out of the both and gesturing for Will and Tabitha to follow, Hannibal sneered at the pimp, “Keep talking Chilton and you’ll leave with no Will and no deal. I told you to get out.” He stuck his fingers in his mouth to whistle, a couple of his men shoving forward Chilton’s heavies, “Come and get what’s left of your boss.”

Tabitha stepped out of the booth to curl against Hannibal’s side, smiling smugly as his arm wrapped around her while he held the other to Will in offer. Unable to believe the stupidity Chilton was capable of, the female ducked under her husband’s arm and turned her back to the pimp and eased herself to her knees, tucking the hair up from the nape of her neck to show off a tattoo of Hannibal’s signature written sideways down her spine in his distinctive cursive hand. She stood once she was sure her point had been made, “Daddy’s too possessive to let others play with his toys. He even signs them.”

“This one is ours, the next time you see him you will treat him with the respect he deserves. Or else pierced balls will be the farthest thing from your mind.” The older male jerked his head as the heavies showed up, “See to it he makes it out the back door, yes?” He added to his men as they slowly began to lower their guns.

Climbing up on the table to get a full view of his completely silent club, Hannibal took half a second to decide how best to rectify the situation. He gestured to the bar with one hand, “Free drinks and a line on me! Go wild my friends!” He chuckled watching as the music started up again and everyone started milling around once more then jumped off the table, his face slipping into a scowl as he grabbed the ledger book from the booth before it could get soaked, “Fucking prick has cost me more money. Come, our booth is out of commission for cleaning. We’ll spend the rest of the night in the office upstairs.”

Will’s eyes widened at the sight of the tattoo on Tabitha’s pale skin and his breath hitched at the thought of being marked in that way himself. That tattoo and a permanent collar would be his aim in life. He wanted to please them, he wanted a permanent place in their lives. He’d show he was worth the money they just spend on him, they’d see.

Skittering nervously around the two heavies - both of whom had raped him only a month ago - as they dragged the mess that was currently Frederick Chilton out of the club, he threaded his fingers through Tabitha’s and allowed himself to be lead through the club and up to the office. He kept his gaze down, reaching up to cover his nose as another cough hit him. He shivered and pulled the soft leather around himself, hoping that the owner wouldn’t come and claim it back any time soon. Realistically he knew that what his body needed was calm and rest but that wasn’t what it craved. He wanted to prove to Hannibal that he was a worthy purchase. He also knew that they’d need to go through rules and what was expected of him, he was actually looking forward to that.

The young submissive kept close to his two Dominant's as they entered the elevator, practically vibrating with happiness. He was free. He didn't have to sell himself on street corners in the cold. He didn't have to fear Chilton any more. Yes he was owned but happily so.

"Thank you." He whispered once it was just the three of them. It was simple - he didn't want to be punished for speaking out of turn - but it was honest and pure bliss and gratitude shone through in his tone.

Hannibal leaned against the side of the elevator, one knee brought up far enough to rest his foot on the wall as he hit the button for the second floor. He rolled his neck from size to side, letting out a relieved sigh when his neck cracked and the elevator started to move, "You should have shot him, Tabby." He stated, an edge of disappointment in his tone, "However, your decision was much more entertaining than sending the whole club screaming."

Tabitha half opened her mouth to argue with the older male but it snapped close as she got the closest thing to an apology she ever got from Hannibal in day to day situations, "I was taught by the very best." She smirked, running her thumb across the back of Will's knuckles as he thanked them, "You don't have to thank us for getting you out of an impossible situation, it's what Hannibal does best." The female averted her eyes for a second, looking up as Hannibal shifted his position.

Turning so his side was against the side of the elevator, Hannibal took a hold of Will's chin in his hand. While his grip was firm and demanding, it wasn't painful in the slightest especially when his thumb began to caress the faint bruises caused by Chilton's fingers, "We have a little business to take care of, then we shall go home." He smiled faintly, dipping his head as he turned Will's face away giving him access to run his tongue over the bruised bite mark caused by Tabby, "Mistress has issues with misogyny, usually I'm the one to bear her anger."

The older male pulled back as the doors opened directly into his office, a large expansive room that took up a good third of the second floor with red and cherry panels covering the walls, low lighting made the room appear as though the room were on fire. As soon as they stepped from the elevator the thumping music of the club dulled down to just a vibrating bass, Hann headed straight for his desk and sat down behind it on his leather chair, propping his feet up on the mahogany surface as he shifted huge bags of white powder into an awaiting holdall, "Kneel where I can see you, William." He ordered, not looking up from his task.

Tabitha slunk across the room after pressing a kiss to Will's cheek, she sat herself on the edge of the desk so she had a good view of both males and waited for the conversations to be over, "Daddy, play nice." She scolded the greying male with a laugh.

Will whimpered as Hannibal took hold of his face, he was quickly discovering that he more of the older man's touch he gained, he more he craved. It was intoxicating, he oozed dominance but at the same time he was gentle and he instantly put Will at ease. The young submissive nuzzled into the large, strong hand, wincing slightly at the touch to the fresh bite, "I don't blame her…" He shrugged, "Chilton's a dick an Mistress is worth twenty of him, if he doesn't show her respect he deserves what he gets."

He looked around the room with wide eyes, it was pretty and he could already imagine spending many hours here, at Hannibal's side, curled on a cushion or between his legs sucking his cock whilst he got on with his work. Nodding quickly at the order he hurried to obey, kneeling in the middle of the room, heels touching his ass and hands palm up on his thighs as Tabitha had taught him. He shot her a sassy wink when he noticed the woman watching him - Will adored Tabitha, she'd been the only one to show him kindness in years but she was also an amazing Domme, she always knew when he needed comfort and when he needed harsh treatment.

Hannibal continued to pack his stock away, barely sparing the male a glance as he worked, "This is me being nice, Tabitha. If I wasn't being nice I wouldn't have told him, I'd have shoved him down." His eyebrow arched as he dumped the last bag into the holdall then took a piece of paper from a drawer and his fountain pen, scrawling a note to place inside with the gear.

When he finally looked up from his work, Hann leant back in his chair, putting his arms behind his head to regard the submissive in all his glory, "Tabby, get me a drink." He stated, waiting until she had stood up to put his feet back on the floor and push his chair further under the desk, "So, good Will.. Here are the house rules; When in our exclusive company you will refer to us as Mistress and Sir, in time I hope you will come to call me Daddy but that of course can wait. Second rule," He began as he sipped the drink brought over to him by the female, "You do not question a direct order from either of us, if we ask something of you that we deem to heavy we will pose the request as a question you can easily say no to."

"But if you don't say no, that will be your only chance to say so." Tabby added, having decided to sit herself down on the couch behind Will, thankful for the soft chesterfield supporting her in the restricting outfit she wore, "We don't traffic light, everything is a new experience and you will always enjoy it."

The older male half nodded, taking another swig of his drink before raising a finger to silence the domme, "However, we will allow your colour system for the duration of your training with Tabitha. I'd like to say you'll have it all from myself but I'm an extremely busy man. I shall be keeping track of your progress day to day, and each night I will be testing you. Am I clear, submissive?"

Tabby bit her lip across the room, her hands skimming down her body as she watched her Dom do what he did best; putting everyone around him in their rightful place and then reap the very fruitful rewards, "Now would be the time to barter for anything else you might want." She added to the kneeling male.

Will head snapped up, worry clear on his face at the thought of losing his traffic light system. The thought terrified him and he almost opened his mouth to argue but as everything filtered through his mind he closed his mouth and considered it. The traffic light system had been something he'd adopted to protect himself when he was young and scared and unsafe. He was safe with these two, he knew that deep down, so maybe he didn't need it any more? Maybe he'd feel more secure not having to think that maybe he should colour out.

"O-Okay…" He whispered shakily, bringing his hands into his lap to twist his fingers, a nervous habit he'd adopted years ago, "That's okay. I can get used to that." Will cocked his

head towards Tabitha when she spoke and nodded slowly, “Will… Would you be sharing me? Lending me out to your men? Because… I don’t think I’d like that. In fact… I know I wouldn’t. It would feel too much like being back with Chilton.” He swallowed the lump in his throat, still staring unblinkingly at the floor.

Will was a little disappointed that he wouldn’t be training with Hannibal, he wanted to get to know the man, but he understood and he was looking forward to time with him each evening.

Hannibal simply chuckled, getting to his feet and pushing his chair back across the flooring. He circled the desk to couch before Will, gently tilting his chin to make eye contact, “It was my understanding that Tabby already explained my views on sharing.” He stated, gently tapping under the younger male’s chin to indicate he should stand as he did so himself, “I, am not Frederick Chilton. Sharing is not my forte, in fact it never has been.” He pulled the male into a searing kiss by the front of his stolen leather jacket.

Whining on the couch, Tabitha swung her legs over the edge of her seat, parting her legs slightly, “Daddy… I wanna play with the puppy too.” She pouted, stalking closer to the two bodies in the room, “I’ve never had a live in submissive, this is going to be fun.”

Will stood when he was told, moaning deeply into the kiss, his arms wrapping around Hannibal’s neck on instinct. He had a fever and his head was spinning but he couldn’t believe his luck, his life had finally turned a corner and he couldn’t wait to learn.

Hearing Tabitha’s heels more than her words Will pulled away from the kiss with Hannibal to turn and kiss his Mistress, letting her take control as he rocking his ass back into Hannibal’s crotch. He tipping his head back onto the taller man’s shoulder, panting heavily as he gave Tabby access to his throat again.

Tabitha easily slotted herself against Will’s slim form, her fingers deftly unfastening the jacket currently keeping the younger male covered. The moment she had it undone she pushed the offending leather from his shoulders and dragged her nails down Will’s sides sharply, “Such a good puppy.” she breathed, pulling away from the sub’s mouth to mouth and nip at his jaw, working her way down his neck.

Unimpressed that his kiss had ended so suddenly, Hannibal grabbed a handful of Will’s hair, tugging his head back a little further than he had presented himself. The older male claimed Will’s mouth once more, growling possessively he slid his hand around the female’s waist, pulling her blade free of it’s sleeve to slice open the lacing of her corset which he ripped from her body violently to pull free some of the cord, “This, will serve as your collar until I order your temporary one.” He explained, tying the thick black velveteen cord around Will’s throat just tight enough that each time he swallowed he’d be reminded of it’s presence.

Tabby had already worked the tight leather pants down Will’s hips, leaving them wrapped around his ankles as make shift cuffs, “Its a good thing that’s not my favourite one.” She sassed her husband, taking his hand as soon as the cord was tied and guiding it to the top of her skirt, “Help a girl out?”

Hann brought the knife down the back of Tabby’s skirt, slicing it like butter to fall at her feel useless. He growled low in his throat as the female’s hand connected with his cheek, drawing

blood as his lip split, “Sweetheart, I’ll buy you five more.” Lecter chuckled, wiping his lip with the side of his thumb, “So it’s that kind of night you’re after, gorgeous.” As he spoke he dragged his bloody thumb across Will’s lip only to draw his hand back and backhand Tabby who simply moaned at the impact and blew her hair from her face to reveal her now flaming red cheek.

“You’re getting weak in your old age.” She smirked, clearly trying to see how far the male would let her poke him. Tabby leant around the younger male, hand slipping down to palm him as she did so, to run her tongue along Hannibal’s jaw and bite his ear viciously when she reached it, “I want the puppy to fuck me, daddy..”

Hannibal let out a hiss of pain at the teeth on his ear, grabbing the back of the female’s hair to tip her head back, smirking down at her in a way that only served to stoke the fire within her, “As you wish my dear.” He purred, slowly releasing her hair to grip her throat instead, “Just remember who you belong do, kitten.”

Tabby wet her lips as she met the older male’s gaze, “As if I ever could.” She smirked, forcefully removing Hannibal’s hand from her neck as he fingers just barely brush along the length of Will’s shaft. In just a few second she gripped the submissive by the shoulder, span him around and shoved him in the direction of the couch behind them, she giggled as she followed after him in nothing but her heels to straddle his wait.

“Mmmm, I’ve been wanting to get you like this ever since our first session together.” Tabitha hummed, leaning back momentarily to yank the younger male’s pants the rest of the way off before she focused her full attention on Will. Dragging her nails down his chest sharply, Tabby mouthed and sucked at the sub’s chest, grazing teeth over each nipple in turn as she reached between the two of them to give his cock one slow stroke and then griped him tight at the base she she hovered over him, stroking the head of his length through her slick folds and gasping each time he brushed her clit.

Watching all of this from where he still stood, Hann simply began to unbutton his shirt, folding the item neatly and then placing it down on the office desk, “Do try not to break him, we did only just acquire him.” He chuckled, removing his belt and then his pants which were set aside with the same care and his shirt, leaving him completely naked aside from the silver chain around his neck as he hunted in the drawer for something.

Tabitha laughed softly, mocking her mouth back up to Will’s neck where she dragged her teeth over the bite mark she had left on his jaw, “What’s my name puppy? Say it and I’ll stop the exquisite torture to ride you.”

Will stumbled back heavily onto the couch, momentarily winded as his pants were ripped from his legs. He reached blindly for a cushion to push his shoulders up so that he could actually breathe and yelped softly as he was suddenly straddled. He found it next to impossible to concentrate on both Dominant’s in the way while one was touching him - he’d have to work on that. Tabitha was good at what she did, Will felt his skin tear under her nails and it just made his weeping cock even harder. His eyelids fluttered at the nipple stimulation and the moment he felt the teasing heat of her fold he started panting desperately, needing to

jerk his hips forwards but not daring to without permission.

"P-Please…" He whispered, his voice hoarse, "Please, Mistress… Ride me… *Mistress*." Will rocked his head to one side and his eyes widened as he caught sight of a naked Hannibal. He was stunning, the man's body would put most younger men to shame. It was toned and strong but slender and tall at the same time, his skin was decorated by tattoos that looked stunning against his pale skin, he mouth went dry. He couldn't believe he was lucky enough to belong to two such gorgeous people. Will had always thought himself rather geeky looking - before he'd dropped out of high school, girls had never been interested and once he was on the streets he'd never been one of the ones that earned the most. There was always someone more built, or more beautiful, or more handsome - he'd always considered himself thoroughly middle of the road.

Upon hearing her correct title, Tabitha sank down on Will so suddenly that she had to grip the back of the couch to keep herself steady, "Fuck.." She breathed, getting her bearings for a moment before slowly planting one foot on the floor to begin lifting and lowering herself, shuddering gasps ripping through her body. Leaning forward until her breasts trailed through the welling blood on the sub's chest, "Fuck me, puppy, before Daddy comes to take charge." She demanded, carding her hand in his long curls to pull him into a punishing kiss.

Lecter half turned at the feeling of eyes on his body, he flashed a feral smirk at the younger male and perched on the edge of his desk, cock resting hard and heavy against his thigh while he slicked up his hand and then his shaft, making it very clear he was going to claim the younger male as his too.

Hannibal's breath began to hasten and his grip increased on his own length, watching as Tabby rode Will like nothing he'd ever seen before. The muscles in her legs rippled under her skin with the effort of each rise and fall onto the sub's cock. Dragging his gaze along the two bodies on the couch, the crime lord thought all his Christmases had come at once - he had two perfect specimens of debauchery that he could use as he saw fit and would give his life to protect. He'd never felt more on top of the world.

Nodding quickly, Will didn't have to be told twice. He arched his back and rocked his hips forwards, setting a steady rhythm that became more and more erratic the more desperate Will became. He reached behind the gorgeous woman and sank his fingers into the soft flesh of her ass, pulling her cheeks apart to spread her further, allowing him to sink further into her heat,

He whimpered softly as his hips stuttered, he could feel himself getting close to orgasm. Will bit his lip hard, feeling blood flood his mouth, as he tried to stave of completion, he didn't want to come too early or without permission.

Slowly, the younger male dared to look up and meet Hannibal's eyes. He was quickly picking up on the fact that wouldn't be banned in the same way it had been with Chilton and he loved Hannibal's eyes, they were warm and yet closed off at the same time, they made him feel protected.

Hannibal met Will's eyes steadily, holding his gaze with a smirk, licking at the no longer bleeding split in his lip, the coppery tang on his tongue sending a jolt of pleasure down his

spine. “Focus on your Mistress, good Will.” He advised the sub gently.

Tabby moved off Will’s length as his thrusts became erratic, her hand wrapping around the base of his shaft and gripping tightly to keep him from the edge, “Uh-uh, none of that.” She smirked, pulling Will’s lip from his teeth with her own, running her tongue between his lips to taste his blood, “Up.” she ordered once she pulled away, pulling the male to a sitting position.

“Take her from behind.” Hannibal ordered, releasing his grip on his length, slowly sauntering across the room to sit on the edge of the couch, running his hands over both bodies, his touch bordering on worship while still being sensual.

Will nodded quickly, desperate the please them, and let out a pitiful whine when Tabitha gripped him tightly. On the one hand he was happy for the assistance in not disobeying them but on the other hand he was desperate, he really needed his release.

The younger male didn’t have to be told twice. He scrambled upright and into position and draped himself across the female’s back, pressing soft, open mouthed kisses to the tattoo down her spine as he entered her swiftly from behind with a low whine of pleasure. Staying completely still until told otherwise, which was driving him to distraction. He was practically purring at Hannibal’s reverent touch, relishing the gentle, loving touch that he was in no way used to.

Tabitha nipped Will’s lip sharply when he whined, “Shhh, you’ll get your chance.” She soothed him, running her tongue across his lip again, a shudder running down her spine at Hannibal’s orders. The female quickly adjusted her position, pressing her shoulders down into the arm of the couch with her ass in the air ready for the submissive; She let out a low moan, cushioning her face on her arm as she arched back into the kisses and rolled her hips insistent that she needed more, “C’mon puppy, you can’t leave me like this.” She whined.

Continuing his slow and torturous stroking down Will’s spine - partially because he’d been deciding where to sign the slim male when the time came - Hannibal moved forward onto the couch behind Will and let a finger dip between his ass cheeks to brush over his entrance, “You heard your mistress, she wants it hard and fast.. God help you if you come before she does.”

Hannibal chuckled against Will’s back as he bit and sucked at the curly haired male’s shoulder, slicking his thumb up to replace his forefinger. He slipped past the rig of muscle with barely any effort, “Good, you prepared before heading out tonight. That makes my next request all the more easier,” He paused, brushing his nose against the pulse in his neck, scenting him with a soft groan, “She’s going to pull off when she comes, it’s up to you to give her a second to recover before continuing.”

As he spoke, Hannibal worked his thumb as deep into Will’s passage as he could, the very tip of the digit very deliberately avoiding his prostate, “As you pull away from your Mistress…. I’m going to fill you, and believe me, nothing can prepare you for that.” Hann smiled, slapping the sub on the ass, “I believe the lady gave you an order.”

Panting softly, Will listened carefully to his instructions, too far gone to even think about speaking. He took a deep breath to stop himself hyperventilating and then started rocking backwards and forwards into Tabitha's heat. Once he'd got into a rhythm he allowed himself to speed up, snapping his hips forward quickly, one hand creeping below them to roll his fingers over his Mistress' clit, nuzzling her shoulder as he went.

He tense slightly at the feel of Hannibal's fingers inside of him but quickly relaxed into the exquisite sensations the man was able to draw out of him. His whole body spasmed at the bite to his shoulder and for a moment he thought that he was past the point of no return but he managed to pull it back and hold off.

Will let out a choked sob as he felt Tabitha's muscles contract around him as she started to shake, her orgasm taking over her body. Tears ran down his cheeks as he desperately tried to obey, riding her though her climax before pulling away, kissing the back of her neck as he desperately tried to breathe and not come too early.

Tabitha's moans soon became desperate whines and keens as Will found a rhythm and did as he had been told. Unable to do much more than lift her head to roughly kiss the male, Tabby's gasps of 'more' and 'right there' were lost against his lips until the sub spasmed and for a moment she thought it was all over just as she was reaching the point of no return but as the thrusts continued and the pace on her clit picked up, she pulled away from the kiss with a groan, "Right there, don't stop… Fuck don't you dare stop."

Hann chuckled as he watched the scene over Will's shoulder, he wondered what the younger male might think when he realised Hannibal had two pairs of eyes watching him. He slowly drew his thumb from the submissive's entrance, biding his time until Tabby came in the extraordinary way she always did.

Feeling waves of pleasure washing over her, Tabby managed to grab a hold of Will's hair in one of her hands, hoping the slight pain would be enough to distract him from his own climax as the tension in her body suddenly snapped and she was coming with a long low moan that almost sounded painful. Aftershocks caused her to spasm against the male's bloodied chest uncontrollably, pulling her further away from the stimulation as she tried to get control of herself again.

As soon as Tabby came, Hannibal was lined up at Will's entrance and slammed into him with out warning, bottoming out with a grunt against the male's neck, "Now good Will…" He groaned, grinding his hips forward so the head of his length bumped his prostate, "You're going to give mistress more while I fuck you… You may come when you're ready." He added as an after through, dragging his nails down the slim male's spine, "I can feel you're close, I will not deny you just this once. You are exhausted after all."

Will let out a loud, high keen of pleasure as Hannibal sunk into him, he was big, bigger than many Will had taken in the past, but he was well prepared so there was no pain, just a slightly uncomfortable burn. He whimpered softly as he entered Tabitha again, the force of his Dom's thrusts rocking him deeper into her. Swallowing heavily, Will surrendered himself to Hannibal's power, allowing the elder man to use him as his plaything, practically being used as a sex toy for his Mistress.

He held off as long as he could but he was ill and exhausted. It had been a long and stressful day and he was about ready to collapse. He was desperate for his climax and upon hearing he had permission couldn't wait any longer. Without warning her came hard inside of the beautiful woman underneath him, his muscles tightening almost painfully around Hannibal, "D-Daddy…" He whimpered weakly, his arms shaking heavily as he fought not to collapse with his whole weight on Tabitha. Will didn't even notice what he'd called his Dom, he'd expected that name to take time but it just seemed to fit. It felt right in the moment.

Hannibal withdrew almost all the way out before slamming into Will once more, humming happily when he heard Tabby's muffled groan against the arm of the couch. Quickly finding a brutal and unforgiving pace, the greying male gripped the sub's hips tightly, making sure he stayed in the position he was in so that each and every thrust would hit his prostate without fail, "That's it… Come for me, puppy.." He groaned, feeling himself being gripped intermittently.

Completely blissed out and being driven to the brink of another orgasm, Tabitha did all she could to keep her hips upright with her legs as unstable as they currently were. The domme moaned, feeling Will's cock thickening and then pulsing with his release, she made sure to grip him tightly, milking him for every drop he could give, "Such a good boy.." She murmured, lifting a hand over her shoulder to stroke his hair.

Feeling Will's orgasm erupt through him, Hannibal thrust through his tightening around him and waited until he had effectively collapsed on top of Tabby to pull out of him, still hard and desperate for his own release but not willing to take advantage of a spent submissive. He sat himself down on the couch, his knees parted and feet planted on the floor, idly stroking himself as he waited for his lovers to recover, "William.." He murmured breathlessly, "You may lie down and rest, Tabitha…" He trailed off expectantly as he gently tugged Will to rest against his chest, twirling one of his curls around his fingers.

Tabby slowly eased herself out from under Will, turning to give him a tender kiss as she slid to her knees on the hard wood flooring and took position between her husband's legs, taking his length into his throat without a second though. She moaned around his shaft, looking up to meet both Hannibal's and Will's eyes as she let her hand come up to massage the crime boss's balls, humming happily.

Will crawled close to Hannibal, tucking himself into his side and laying his head on his chest, ear close to his heart. He brought one hand up to curls his fingers around his makeshift collar, as if it brought him subconscious comfort. His other hand came up to draw soft finger tips over Hannibal's chest, tracing intricate patterns as he watched Tabitha sleepily, through half hooded eyes. Heat radiating from his forehead.

"The anklets a tracking tag." He murmured half asleep, "Forgot…" He gestured towards a delicate, but unbreakable, silver chain around his ankle. It was unobtrusive and easily missed, fastened with a small, strong padlock and with a small, blinking blue light in the place of what should have been a stone, "He fits all his whores with them. Never been able to.. to sn-snap it off." Will yawned, his eyes drifting shut.

Hannibal curled one hand around the base of Tabby's neck, little finger stroking over his signature as he urged her back down each time she came up for air. Even as he preened under

Will's fingertips, he remained conscious of how much abuse the female could take before oxygen became a real issue for her.

Swallowing around the male's thick length, Tabitha's tongue massaged the underside of his cock, waiting until he gave the telltale half gasp that signalled his impending orgasm. She took a breath through her nose and took Hannibal in her throat as far as she could until her nose brushed against his groin so she could rhythmically swallow around him.

Eyes dragging down Will's body to the anklet in question, Hannibal's fingers gripped the back of his wife's neck as he neared his climax, "Tabby will… Get it." He groaned, coming with several grunts and hips bucking up to meet the female's willing mouth. He waited a moment and pulled back with a sigh, tilting Tabby's head up to catch the last drop of come from her lip and sucking it clean, "Darling, if you can free our dear Will for the last of his confines?"

Tabitha shifted her weight enough to reach for her discarded knife on the table, crawling across the floor and sitting on the floor next to Will's legs. She didn't say a word as she kissed the submissive's knee lightly then slid the blade into the keyhole to pick the lock, "If this doesn't work, Hann's pretty handy with a bolt cutter. You wouldn't be the first one he had to free." She pursed her lips a little, eyes focused on the task at hand.

Will nodded as he watched her work, struggling to keep his leg completely still to make the task easier, "Kay… Thanks. Not that I really care if he knows where I am… Fucker knows I'm yours. I just don't want him using me to do something stupid like try to bring you two down." His words were slightly slurred with tiredness as his eyes slid closed.

Soon enough, with Tabitha still working on his tracker, he found himself drifting into a light doze, pressing himself as close to Hannibal was was physically possible in his sleep. The hand stroking his Dom's chest came up so that he could suck his thumb - a habit he had no clue he had retained from childhood as he only did it when he was completely exhausted and asleep.

Hannibal ran his fingers through Will's hair as he began to doze, "He can't possibly bring us down, we're too far out of reach for the likes of him." He muttered, watching with particular interest as the slim male pulled his thumb into his mouth, "Perhaps we should bring him to bed with us tonight?" He suggested after a moment, "I had anticipated giving him a spare bedroom for the first few weeks but it seems our little lamb requires a touch more care than that."

Wiggling the tip of the blade in the lock, Tabby looked up at Will and then to Hannibal before returning her focus to the lock, "I'd just rather he didn't know where I sleep, the last thing I want to think about is Chilton standing outside the house with binoculars." She muttered, almost giving a cheer of triumph when the lock finally clicked and released but she stopped herself as soon as she heard Hannibal's soothing murmurs. "Before that we need to get him dressed and out of the club." She pointed out, easing the anklet from the sub's leg and standing to find herself some clothes.

The male sat in silence for a while, listening to the clicks of his wife's heels on the flooring as she walked back and forth in the adjoining closet to find the right outfit to leave the club in

for the evening. He looked at the tracker sitting on the corner of his desk, his brows lowering when the sight of it triggered a memory that had previously been long forgotten, “Sweetheart, call the bar. Have a car pulled around for us.” He said finally, deciding until he worked out the significance of the memory it was best not to bring it up in front of Tabby.

Sliding back into Hannibal’s line of sight, Tabitha appeared still in her heels wearing a tight little black dress that she was holding closed behind her back. She grabbed the phone before stopping in front of the male, “Zip.” She stated, punching the number for the bar into the phone, “Hey Gabs, have a car pull around for us in five minutes, make sure nobody sees us leave too.”

“Tell her to have the boys check on Chilton, something doesn’t add up with him.” Hann said from his seat, having made no move to get dressed again or to do much more than stroke his finger across his lower lip once he’d fastened the female’s dress for her, “Then have them come back to me an hour before dawn, we have a shipment of guns arriving in the morning, I want them ready and briefed before first light.” Leaving Tabby to relay the message, Hannibal gently ran his fingers across the younger male’s cheek, “Wake up, sweet Will… We must get you dressed at the very least. You may sleep afterwards, I myself will carry you out to the car but I must insist you dress first.”

Will whined as he came too, his thumb falling out of his mouth as he hid his face in Hannibal’s shoulder, curling his body close on instinct. He tensed as he woke further, suddenly uncertain of where we was, worrried that he was curled next to a random John. Slowly Hannibal and Tabitha’s combined and distinctive scents came to him and relaxed, remembering everything from the last few hours.

The young submissive looked up, bright blue eyes peaking out from behind dark curls as he blinking up at Hannibal sheepishly, “Sorry… Didn’t mean to fall asleep, Sir.” He struggled to his feet, beaming as he noticed the missing anklet, stumbling over to Tabitha he wrapped his arms around her and curled close, kissing her cheek, “Thank you.” Will whispered, pulling on his skin tight leather pants and whining pathetically as his tired, sluggish movements make it difficult to fasten the fly, “Kay… m’ready. Where’re we going?”

Tabitha walked around the edge of the Persian rug in the office as she gave the instructions word for word as she’d heard them, hanging up and putting the handset back in the cradle on the desk, she wandered over to one of Hannibal’s huge framed prints to fix her hair and make up.

“Worry not, little lamb, it is quite alright.” Hannibal smiled faintly, easing himself to his feet once Will was up to pull on his neatly folded clothes, smoothing out nonexistent creases once he was dressed with his shoes back on, “We’re going home. We’ll pick up some food on the way.”

Meandering back to the desk, Tabby hopped up on the surface and drained her now warm beer in one, “I’m thinking *Chinese*.” She smirked, shooting Hannibal a look - just hours before Will had shown up, she’d finished checking over the books and found that one of the dealers who used a Chinese takeaway as a front had dropped far bellow the acceptable rate of repay, so it was time to pay a visit.

The older male tried to look exasperated by his wife's impatience but amusement shone in the depths of his dark eyes, "Of course, how could I forget?" Fetching Will's jacket from the floor and draping it around his shoulders, Hannibal led the way to the elevator and stepped inside, "What do you expect when you think of our home, Will?"

Will yawned, leaning up against the wall of the elevator and shrugging, slipping his arms through the sleeves of the jacket and hugging it close, almost daring anyone to steal it back from him, "I dunno… I mean, I know you're rich. And you can make anyone disappear. I'd imagine you have an awesome house but you might wanna just blend in, so I don't know."

He ran a hand through his sex ruffled curls, tracing the shallow cuts on his chest, a small smile on his face, "Chinese sounds amazing!" He beamed, "I can't remember the last time I had chinese…" Suddenly he trailed off, eyes narrowing at the looks shared between his two Dominants. "I'm missing something aren't I?"

Hannibal watched Tabitha's ass as she entered the small space before hitting the button and turning his attention back to the younger male with a chuckle, "You can relax your grip on the jacket, William. Nobody is going to take it from you, no doubt Demetrius has already retrieved a replacement from the back office." He shrugged a little, settling his arm around Will so his hand laid on the small of his back, "You are technically right on both counts, we blend into the terraced townhouses but the interior is lavishly decorated."

"What he means is that he let his insatiable need to show off throw up all over the inside of the building. You can't turn a corner without bumping into a samurai suit of armour or antique bureau." Tabby snorted at the slight frown that marred Hannibal's brow, reaching up to smooth the creases away with her thumb, "Stop frowning, you know I'd have burned something if I didn't really like it."

Still looking mildly annoyed, Hann rolled his eyes as he grabbed the female's wrist firmly, "It's not nice to toy with people, Tabitha." He turned her wrist in his grip to nip at her pulse point before letting her go again as the doors opened, "We are going to pay a visit to an old acquaintance, he just so happens to sell dinner too."

Will nodded slowly, "Okay…" He agreed, "That still sounds ominous." He stumbled tiredly out of the elevator, he was still exhausted but his stomach was reminding him just how hungry he was and that was keeping him awake. Reaching out, Will threading his fingers through Tabitha's. He felt the need to constantly be in contact with one of the older couple, it grounded him.

"Sir…?" He asked hesitantly, hesitating before asking the question, "When… When will you get me a proper collar? Just a temporary one, I know but… real. So people know I'm yours and Mistress'." Will looked down at his bare feet and cursed quietly, "My shoes are still at the front desk… shit. I forgot."

Hannibal chuckled leading the  way through the back area of the club, several firmly closed doors lining the corridor while the room at the end was open with fluorescent lights and dozens of men strapping guns and blades to various parts of their body. Stopping in the middle of the room, Hannibal looked over his staff before his eyes settled on Demetrius -

dressed in one of his tailored jackets now his leather had been re-homed, “Ah, Demitri. I want you to drive us tonight, have Johnny fill in for you.”

Tabitha gently squeezed Will’s fingers as she headed toward the door behing held open for one of the males who was waiting with an umbrella next to him in case the weather changed, she stopped to look at the sub’s bare feet and then back to the older male, “A little help please.”

Turning as everyone went back to their assigned jobs, Hannibal - having heard Will’s curse - turned on his heels and swept the younger male up in his arms, heading carefully through the door where Demetrius held the back door of a classic Bentley town car open so he could place Will down and have him slip across to get in himself, “I shall have to send you out with Tabby and my credit card one day, I expect you do not wish to collect your things from Chilton.”

Striding through the door after the male with a roll of her eyes,the dome slipped into the car past Hannibal and settled herself in the comfortable leather seat facing the two males, “So, any requests for dinner or just the usual we order for the boys at the house?” She asked brightly.

“Good Will may not like anything we currently buy.” Hannibal offered, lightly placing his hand on the submissive’s knee, waiting a moment before giving a slight squeeze of assurance that was over as quickly as it happened. He hummed in thought as the car pulled away from the back of the club, “Buy one of everything, Demetri will go with you should it get difficult, my love.”

Demetri rolled his eyes, Hannibal was a deadly man and he held a healthy dose of fear for the man, but at the same time he’d grown up knowing him and that allowed her certain privileges, he was well used to his ways and he rather liked the new submissive - even if he had stolen his clothes. The kid was sassy. He enjoyed sass. He looked up into the mirror and winked at Will, smirking, “That jacket looks good on you, brat. You’ll have to give me the name of your tailor.” He drawled sarcastically, no one but him would dare speak to the Lecter’s submissive with anything but respect, but Demetri wasn’t just anyone.

Will snorted, beaming at Demetri, “Sorry… But it’s mine now. It’s warm…” He turned to Hannibal and kissed his neck softly, “I’m happy with anything, Sir… except peanuts. Allergic to peanuts.”

“No satay or peanut oil. Check and check.” Demetri nodded, “You ready for this Tabby?” He asked, rolling his shoulders as he pulled up the car.

Hannibal looked up to met Demetri’s eyes in the mirror with an amused smirk, “Careful, maybe the next time you see it I’ll have soiled it some more.” He chuckled wrapping his arm around Will to draw him closer, “I’ll have him the the tailor in good time, you all use *mine* remember.”

Tabby mentally checked through what they had at home that would need to be disposed off and banned in the future before smiling at Will’s slow warming to Hannibal. She half turned in her seat, reaching over the seat to grab her fur wrap sat on the seat next to Demetri along

with the .45 calibre hand gun strapped to the dashboard. Once she had wrapped herself from the cold, she smirked darkly, “I’m always ready.” She stated, already pushing the back door open and placing one foot on the ground to slide past the greying male.

Grabbing Tabby’s wrist before she could get out, Hannibal looked up and met her eyes with a hard look, “Take no prisoners. Complete disposal.” At her nod of understanding and a kiss good luck, he let her go again and watched out the window until the figures were gone. “Now, I know you said you could protect yourself but I need you to understand the severity of this situation you are now in.” The dominant male nodded toward the window, “In five minutes Tabitha is going to exterminate one of our debts. Of course, the restaurateurs will continue to prepare our dinner and then we will go home.” He faced Will again, knowing he wouldn’t miss the good stuff yet, “This is my life, Will. I can shield you from as much or as little as you want, I just need you to see it for the first time before you make a decision on the matter.”

Having tucked her gun in a hidden pocket of her wrap, Tabitha took Demetrius’ arm and strode into the take out, ordering one of everything without peanuts or peanut oil. As they waited for their food, she paced back and forth, looking over the old peeling posters on the walls and the tacky fake trees framing the window, “What do you think of the new pet then, Demetri? Isn’t he fun?” She grinned, pausing to pull a fake leaf from a tree to pick it apart with her nails, “When was the last time you ever heard of a purely natural submissive? I can already tell Hannibal wants to mould him into something special, like he did with me - he takes damaged things and crafts something destructive and beautiful. What will we make of our little lamb? Don’t say kebab, I know what you’re like.”

Will pouted, “I know what your life is, Sir…” He sighed, slightly exasperated, “I’m not stupid, I’ve lived in this city my whole life, it’s impossible not to know what you’re involved in.” Will brought his hand up to curl around the cord around his neck, a reflex, “But surely I’m safer with you than I was before? I’ve got you and Mistress to protect me and you can always brush up on my gun training if you’re that worried…”

Demetri opened his mouth to respond and chuckled when Tabitha guessed exactly what he’d been about to say, “I kind of like him. Gonna offer my services as his personal body guard when you two ain’t around.” He shrugged, looking around and checking his gun was fully loaded when no one was looking, “Scrawny kid needs someone to look out for him. Looks like he’s gonna keep Han on his toes though, I look forward to watching that.” The tall man ran a hand over his close shaven head and snorted in amusement, “Don’t think even Han can make a Dom out of that one. You made the transition perfectly, that ones a natural sub and always will be but I reckon he could be a right little silent assassin with time. Cute too… wouldn’t mind playing with him myself.” He checked his watch and sighed, “Hurry it up! We don’t got all day!” He shouted through to the kitchen.

Hannibal couldn’t help but smile at Will’s answer but he brought a finger up to rest on his lips when he trailed off, “I’m afraid you misunderstand my meaning, sweet Will.” He let his eyes break contact to travel down to the younger male’s lips, his finger moving only to be replaced by his thumb, stroking slowly back and forth, “I am not worried about you knowing about my work, I am worried that perhaps you haven’t realised the impact it has on our lives. We’re never truly off the clock, there could be a movement on my operation at any point,

cops, or worse. We could all die tomorrow because some asshole got lucky, are you sure you're ready for all that?" Lecter's eyes moved to tract Will's hand movement, a second later his lent down to kiss away his hand, then kiss over the chord, "You really are enamoured with being collared, are you not? To answer your previous question from the club, you will be given a collar when I feel you have learnt the basics of the position I mean you to have."

He pulled away after a long moment, turning his attention back to the Chinese takeout shop, "We're about to see a show, William. Tabitha is ruthless when conducting business." He smiled, half rolling the window down to get a better look at the scene.

Tabby rolled her eyes, nudging the male before making another round of the waiting area, "That's actually not a bad idea, Hann probably would have thought of it himself when the time came." She tilted her head a little as she stopped in front of the counter to face Demetri, "There's not a single person we trust more in the whole army of men we have. Which is why you need to know he's off limits for *all* of you, and I mean that." The female poked his chest hard with her long nail before continuing to walk around the space, "Hannibal's used to mouth; with you lot it just takes a death threat or two, with me… I just wanted to get a reaction. Will's different. He wants to be cared for just as much as he wants to be abused in the right way."

The dominatrix stopped to lean against the door that was locked and bolted from the inside that lead to the back, crossing her ankles as she supported her weight on the door, "He's the only one I ever paid to dominate. You know I wouldn't part with my money if it wasn't for a damn good reason." With a smirk, Tabitha kicked her still bloody heel against the door, looking up at the peep hole as she waited for a reply, "Assassin's a good idea too.. And by all means you can flirt with him, but be nice and keep your hands off. He's mine."

As the peep hole opened, Tabby straightened up to see the pair of eyes staring down at her, "Open up. Boss sent me to get 'The Chef'." She smiled as the hole closed over again and she took a step back, arms folded across her chest as the door swung open to reveal a rather built Asian male and several more around a table piled with various drugs and a stack of cash, "Hi boys!" She chirped, walking into the room to eye up the merchandise, "As I'm sure you know, the boss isn't the kind of man to keep his hands off valuable assets such as yourselves.." Tabitha trailed off to look around the room, counting weapons with a sweep of her eyes and looking down to take a dab of a white powder which she popped in her mouth with a hum, "He asked me to pay you a visit and to leave a message for your boss." Quick as a flash, Tabby had pulled her gun from her wrap, shot the man formerly known as 'The Chef' twice between the eyes before he could fall, and then turned a perfect 180 to take out every other man in the room before they could even think to speak let alone fight back. When the last body dropped and the mist began to clear, the female stepped over the bodies with a vague look of disgust as she stowed her gun away then looked up expectantly at the server, "Well? I'm *starved*."

Will swallowed down the lump in his throat, he wanted a proper collar, he craved it, the idea of having to wait killed him a little but he nodded, wanting to be good, "Being collared makes me feel safe." He admitted quietly, avoiding eye contact once more, "No one since my mom has ever really wanted me and a collar his a solid, physical reminder that I'm *wanted* and that I belong to someone." He shrugged, acting as if it wasn't a big deal,

when really it meant the world to him, “I know it sounds stupid, but there you go… Even the white sub collars in the club helped to a point, wasn’t the same though - anyone could have me if they paid enough. But when Mistress used to pay for me I used to imagine my collar wasn’t white and that it was one *she* put there. It helped…” He stared out of the window and waited, thinking over his words before speaking again, “I think…” Will started carefully, “That even a short lifetime living with you and Mistress, always looking over my shoulder for the next threat would be a million times for fulfilling than living into old age as a slave to Chilton or being alone on the streets. I haven’t known you long and honesty, you can both be scary as fuck, but you already mean a lot to me. I can’t imagine being anywhere else right now.”

Even though he was prepared, he couldn’t help but jump a little at the first gun shot, tucking himself into Hannibal’s side on instinct.

Demetri scowled from where he was leant up against the wall, “Seriously? You couldn’t even leave me one? That’s cold, Tab, even for you. Why don’t I get to join in the fun?” Sulking like a petulant child he stalked over to one of the lifeless bodies and shot it three times in the head for good measure, “Better than nothing I suppose.” He muttered, turning to pick up one of the huge boxes of take away, “Thanks darlin’…” He drawled, winking at the terrified server, “Be sure to tell your boss we’ve come a calling.”

Hannibal’s knuckles stroked along the length of the collar absently, something he was sure he would easily get used to, and nodded slowly, “I understand.. At least, I can understand your way of thinking, as much as any one person can think like another…” He let out a long breath, watching his wife disappear from view, “You deserve a collar, I can tell you that much now, and you’ll get it. I have appearances to uphold and collaring you too early will be a sign of weakness I can’t allow. Tabby will find someone to protect you when we are not home, and we’ll both be training you in self defence methods. You are ours, William, we’ll do what we can to ground you along the way.”

Watching as the shopfront lit up with the gunshots, Hannibal tilted his head to see Demetrius still standing in the middle of the waiting area, “Mistress needed a little blood tonight.. I realised once she hit me for ruining her skirt.” The older male ran his tongue over the split with a faint smile, “Better to take out our weak links and kill two birds with one stone.” Rubbing his hand up and down the submissive’s back, Hann soothed him with quiet shushes and kisses to the top of the head.

Tabitha looked Demetri up and down then let out an annoyed groan when he disappeared to shoot one of the corpses, “You whine like a little bitch, D.” She snorted, assuring her gun was safely away as she picked up the other box and the bag of prawn crackers with a grin to the server, “Hann told you that you were here to help if it got difficult, I took care of myself and the targets are eliminated.” She shrugged, skipping along behind the male, even in her heels, “I could always kneecap you if you want something new to whine about?” Smirking at the open window, Tabitha stopped skipping in favour of swaying her hips, “Like the show, baby?” She winked, blowing him a kiss on the way to the trunk only to stop and walk back to the window, leaning closer to mutter, “There’s not a body in the trunk again is there?”

“No, Tabitha. I haven’t assassinated anyone in a week or so, you’re free to put the food inside.” Hannibal stated with mild exasperation, “Hurry up and get in, the house is full of starving men, half of whom are probably raiding my kitchen for snacks.”

Will giggled softly at the exchange but stopped suddenly, as though a thought suddenly occurred to him, “How… How many men live in the house?” He asked, his voice only shaking a little at the thought of it being like Chilton’s all over again.

“Most come and go.” Demetri shrugged, dumping his box in the trunk and reaching through the open window to ruffle Will’s hair, a little roughly, “A few awesome ones like me have rooms but don’t you worry, brat. We’ll keep you good and safe, ain’t no one gonna be creeping into your bed at night. Not least ‘cause they’d find themselves face to face with a butt naked Boss and that’’s enough to turn anyone’s stomach.” He grinned, blowing Hannibal a kiss in the mirror, even as his heart raced and he wondered if he’d gone a step too far this time. He’d only been trying to cheer the kid up.

“I like you.” Will grinned, sleepily, “But leave my hair alone or I’ll cut your balls off.” He leaned over to kiss Tabitha softly, “How many did you get?” The submissive asked, a little eagerly, curiosity taking over.

Ten minutes later they pulled up outside a seemingly normal looking townhouse, upon entering Will knew exactly what his Mistress had meant about the decor. He glued himself to Hannibal’s side, all the large bodies running for the food making him nervous. One man in particular, a thug around Hannibal’s age with an old scar sealing one eye shut took everything out of the bags before turning to shove Demetri, “Where the fuck is my fucking satay?!” He snarled, “I want it now. Go out and get it for me!” His hand twitched towards his gun.

Demetri rolled his eyes as he stumbled back, drawling his own gun and pointing it between the man’s eyes before he could ever wrap his fingers around his own, “Shut your trap and eat some Chow Mein, Michael.” He scowled, “No more peanuts in this house. That’s a hard rule, you got it?”

Hannibal’s cold eyes met Demetri’s in the rear view mirror, he opened his mouth to warn him when Will spoke and made his expression soften marginally, “You would like the one person in my organisation that I wonder how I’ve not shot yet.” He raised an eyebrow pointedly at the male in the driver’s seat, “Do not forget who you work for, you may talk to Will how ever you wish about my naked ass, but not in front of me or any of the others. Am I making myself clear?”

Tabby stretched out in the seat opposite the males, humming softly against the submissive’s lips before he pulled away, “Eight. Double tapped the bodyguard and the rest were easy pickings.” She shrugged a little, running a hand through her hair, “This one decided to pop a couple extra in a warm one, something about my not sharing, right?” With a giggle she lent over to put her gun back in the holster, discreetly smacking the male across the back of the head with a pointed glare.

As they reached the house, Tabitha went ahead with Demetrius, more than capable of beating the masses back until everything was placed down on the dining room table. As she turned to collect and return with cutlery she sighed heavily and banged the silverware down on the

table runner (god forbid she damaged the table itself - she lived dangerously but she wasn't stupid) making every other male in the general vicinity stop to see the commotion, "Alright boys.." She cooed, stepping between the two larger males to put her hand on Demetri's gun, slowly lowering it to the ground, "We're family here, right? We don't fight over petty shit like this do we?"

Hannibal simply stood in the doorway, his back to the door frame as he held Will close with one hand and light a cigarette with the other, watching Tabitha play Domme with the boys.

Tabitha turned on her heels suddenly and took a good grip on Michael's balls, easily backing him up against the dinning room wall, "Now you're gonna get this straight, you try starting a gun fight in my house again and I'm gonna start picking grapes." She shifted her eyes down to her hand still griping tightly, "Or in your case raisins." With a smirk she let him go, watching with amusement as he fell to the floor in a heap.

"Aright, listen up!" Hannibal's gruff voice cut through the terrified silence of the house, he let out a cloud of smoke before continuing, "This here is Will, he is off limits to each and every one of you fuckers. That's a permanent house rule, second permanent house rule is no fucking peanuts. I want every trace out of this house or I will start by taking your trigger fingers." With his hand still on the small of the submissive's back he led the way to the food on the table, taking first pick of everything. Hann popped the top off a chow mein container and started piling side dishes on top, only stopping to look over his shoulder at the gathered men and growl, "Well? The fuck are you all waiting for?!"

The assembled bodies scattered almost comically fast, several heading into the kitchen to dispose of everything deemed unsafe and the rest running to the sleeping quarters for the around the clock guards to dispose of candy and such.

Will couldn't help but laugh softly at everyone's faces, the huge men who should be terrifying, all seemed to turn into naughty, chastised school boys the minute Hannibal started speaking. He was still a little nervous to be in a room with so many strong, large people but being next to Hannibal he felt somehow safe.

The submissive looked down the table at all the food and hesitated. He was starving. Thanks to his flu he hadn't been able to stomach much for the last couple of weeks and Chilton barely fed his whores anything anyway - Will even less than others because he was always behind on his rent. As hungry as he was though he didn't dare start to plate up or eat without permission. His gaze darted between the curried beef chop suey and the prawn crackers, both things he adored and hadn't had in ages.

"New sub then?" Michael asked, scrambling up off the floor and edging around Tabitha a little warily. He threw himself into a chair and tore open the bag of prawn crackers, putting four in his mouth at once and chewing with his mouth open. Will's eyes narrowed, he would personally steal Demetri's gun and shoot the smarmy bastard through the eyes himself if he didn't manage to get at least one of those damn things, they were like the food of the gods, "He up to scratch? Looks a bit pale and scrawny to me… Not a patch on Tab."

Will bristled, he was a natural submissive but that didn't mean he was a push over, he already

hated this asshole and he could see himself getting into plenty of fights with him in the future, “Yeah well, I don’t think you look so great yourself.” He muttered petulantly, scowling as Michael shoved another handful of the crackers into his gaping maw, “Look a bit flabby and sweaty to me.”

Demetri let out a loud guffaw of mirth, following Will’s line of sight to the curried beef chop suey, he subtly slid it over to Hannibal to make sure it remained safe from the grabby hands of they other men, “I love this kid. You gotta keep him, Boss.”

Returning to helping himself to food, Hannibal nodded to Michael in answer as he pulled the seat to the left of the head setting out for the submissive in question, tapping the back once, “Sit down, William. Help yourself to food before the ranks come back.” He stated, eyes moving to Demetri to indicate he was to put himself between Will and any other men who wished to sit at the table to eat with them.

Tabitha rounded the table, dishing herself up a little of nearly everything on a plate while munching on prawn toast. She stopped next to Michael with an eyebrow raised, about to argue back when Will piped up - she almost couldn’t believe her ears but then again, they knew Will was going to be abrasive to a few people. Tabby followed Will’s sight line to the older male’s hand, half smirking to herself as her hand shot out to pinch his lips between two of her sharp nails, “Uh-uh, you don’t have my permission to call me Tab, do you *Mikey*. When I let you go, you’re gonna say ‘sorry mistress’ or I take a little walk into the kitchen and we have ourselves a ritual castration.” The cheery look in her eye just made the female all the more threatening, she let go of the male’s mouth and grabbed the prawn crackers from his hand to take her seat at the right of Hannibal’s place, “It’s not like you need any more of these, Puppy’s right.” she added, tossing the bag on the table out of reach

Hannibal chuckled, his eyes dancing with both mirth and lust as he sat himself down at the head of the table, “You’ve already said that, Demetrius, believe me we intend to do just that.” He stated, picking up the only set of chopsticks on the table to begin to eat, carefully chewing a few mouthfuls before speaking again, “I want an update on what went down at the takeout.”

Tabitha rolled her eyes, having just stuffed noodles into her mouth, but quickly swallowed to avoided being scolded, “Pretty simple, followed the plan to the letter as you asked and no survivors.” She shrugged a little, legs curling under her on her seat once she’d kicked off her heels, her fur wrap now being used as a blanket to keep her modesty hidden, “Oh and there was one more thing; Chilton’s been selling his shit on the side to people we won’t supply any more. I took a taste of the coke on the table and it’s weak, cut with lactose powder. Most people probably wouldn’t notice.”

The older male stuck his chop sticks in his container and set it down on the table to drum his fingers on the polished wood, clearly thinking through several plans and how each one could turn out, “Something’s not right, I don’t like it.. I hate that snivelling little weasel.” He growled, slipping his hand in his pocket for the deactivated tracker Tabby took from Will which he tossed down the table to Demetri, “When you’ve got a second I want you to hack that thing, it’s inactive now but it’s far too advanced for the likes of Frederick. See what you can find out, mine and Tabby’s eyes only.”

As soon as Will was given permission he reached for a plate and hesitated, he was so hungry but he knew from experience that eating too much too soon was a bad idea. Sulking just a little he spooned a relatively small portion of boiled rice onto his plate before pouring the curry on top and reaching for the prawn crackers. He ate quickly, one arm curled around his plate defensively as if he expected someone to take his food from him at any moment. Once it was gone he chewed on his lip thoughtfully before putting another small portion onto his plate, eating this one slower and enjoying it more. He looked around the table, taking in the conversation and glowering at Michael. Curiously Will picked up a pair of chop sticks, studying how Hannibal was holding his before trying himself, not particularly successfully.

“Sorry, Mistress…” Michael muttered, protesting slightly as his food was taken away. Scowling he reached for the sweet and sour, emptying the whole tub onto his plate and inhaling it, “What’s that?” He asked, gesturing towards the tracker.

“Not your business, that’s what it is.” Demetri scowled, sitting down next to Will and picking up the anklet, looking at it closely and frowning, “I’m sure I’ve seen something like this before… it’s ringing a bell.”

One of the guards came in, shuffling his feet sheepishly, clearly having been pushed in by the others, “Uh… So… All the peanuts are in the skip outside, Boss. And… And me and they guys were wondering… Can we eat now?”

Hannibal picked at his food again with his chopsticks, a glower settling over his sharp features, “He’s got a benefactor. Our dear Fredrick knows he can’t beat us, not on his own, so he’s dipped his toes into much darker waters.” Taking a bite of a spring roll, the crime boss started to laugh quietly to himself, “Little fucker’s about to start a war. I *really* hope he can swim.” He reached for a beer in the centre of the table and took a long swig before eating again.

Tabitha stared at Hannibal for a long moment, weighing up her words in her mind so as not to anger the male and get herself a bruise she didn’t ask for, she bit her lip and lent forward in her seat, “Does this mean I get a bigger gun?”

The male stopped mid chew to look at his wife blankly, the corner of his mouth quirked up at the flicker of fear that crossed her face - gone as soon as it had appeared, “Yes, my love, you can have a bigger gun.” He chuckled, slamming his hand down on the table when the guard walked in, pointing across the table at Michael, “You keep you damn mouth shut, and you-” He turned his finger to the sheepish guard by the doorway, “Can tell the boys to get food, and make sure to wake the next shift for some too.”

Sitting back in his seat, Hannibal’s eyes landed on Will struggling to work his chopsticks, he reached out to re-position each one in the slim male’s grip, “Hold the first like a pencil, the second settles in the first joint of the thumb to control the movement. Like this.” Hann continued to eat after offering his guidance as best he could, “You shall be given the tour of course, but given your previous residency I think it best you know where everything is; The ground floor is kitchen, living room, dinning room, rest room, and there’s a small yard out back where Tabitha likes to grow vegetables.” He smiled at the female, eating another mouthful before continuing, “First floor sleeps the sleeping guard shift, they’re our second line of defence against any unwelcome guests, we also have a gym and a recreational room

up there. After that we have the top floor, that is ours. We have a private bathroom, living area and several bedrooms, most of which will not be used. Demetrius has one near the elevator as our personal guard."

"He's forgetting the red room and the basement. Those are my favourite rooms." Tabby said, standing to fill her plate again before anyone else came to take everything as they always did, "Sometimes we have guests in the basement, they never leave in one piece. I make sure of it."

Will nodded slowly, trying to take everything in whilst attempting the chop sticks again, he found it was much easier with Hannibal's help and beamed as he managed to finish the rest of his meal before pushing his plate away, completely stuffed. He noticed Michael's hand reaching for the abandoned bag of prawn crackers and snatched them back, quick as a whip.

"No." He said simply, "These aren't for you." Will threw them down to the other end of the table, smirking at the outraged look on the twat's face. When Michael opened his mouth, no doubt to insult him, he held up one finger, "I wasn't done…" Will hoped he wasn't about to get punished for what he was about to do but he needed to make his position clear early on, he was no doormat, "Let's get one thing straight, Michael." The submissive drawled, his voice deceptively calm, "You're right, I am a submissive. But I am not your submissive. I answer to Daddy and to Mistress and no one else. The fact that I sleep on the floor above you should clue you into the fact that I am just that, above you in every sense of the word. I don't control you, that's not my place, but I also don't answer to your orders and I certain don't submit to you. I like to think that I have two Dominant's who won't tolerate you being a small minded bastard to me but if they're ever not around then you should know that I don't need a gun to make your life hell. Do I make myself clear?" He draw himself upright in his chair, piercing Michael with his icy blue gaze before turning his attention to Hannibal and Tabitha, his whole demeaner suddenly changed, "I… If it helps I know the exact lay outs of Chilton's whole operation, I know all the codes to his safes and secret rooms and he's too stupid to think to change them. Also…" The sub turned to Tabitha, wringing his hands in his lap nervously, "C-Can… could I maybe grow some flowers out in the yard, Mistress? I… I like to garden."

Demetri snorted into his food before frowning at the flushed look on Will's cheeks, without asking he reached up and felt his forehead, which only caused his frown to deepen. Silently he pushed away from the table, rooting in the drawers of the kitchen until he found what he was looking for. He walked back to the table and held out two cold and flu capsules and a glass of cold water to Hannibal, "Am I okay to give your sub drugs and send his scrawny ass to bed, Boss?" He asked as the guards filed into the room and fell on the food.

Hannibal simply watched Will's outburst with a smirk, eating half of his food by the time he was done and simply looked down the table at Michael with an eyebrow raised, "I trust you have no question of where you stand now?" He stated, turning his head to the younger male and effectively ending the conversation on the subject, "Those shall be most helpful at a later date, William." Smiling faintly, Hann watched as the men slowly began to enter the room and help themselves to food; a few headed into the kitchen to sit at the table in there and the majority sat themselves down in the front room in front of the tv while four or five others sat at the other end of the table, chancing glances at the new submissive.

Tabitha inhaled her second plate of food and stood to take her plate out, she looked down at Will tenderly, reaching out to stroke his flushed face, “I have something much more adequate for you.” With a simple stroke of her fingers through his hair, she slipped into the kitchen.

Looking up from his food, Hannibal glanced at the pilled in Demetri’s hand then to his still suffering new toy, he nodded simply, “Of course. Take Tabitha with you, at the very least she may need a sparring partner.” He looked pointedly at the other male, then to the kitchen door where the female in question appeared from to collect her shoes from the floor, “I don’t need a sparring partner, Hannibal, I need to shower and watch a movie. D’s welcome to share the popcorn.”

Will smirked as Michael shut up, although the man looked murderous. He turned to Demetri with a pout but sighed and nodded, swallowing the pills dry and stumbling to his feet - grabbing a handful of fortune cookies on his way past “Kay… C’mon on then.” He yawned, leaning over to kiss Hannibal chastely on the cheek, “See you later, Daddy.”

He followed Demetri to the elevator, dead on his feet and turned to his Mistress, “Can you watch in bed?” He asked uncertainly, “So I can be with you…”

Demetri smiled, he really did love this kid already. He was so sweet with the Boss and Tabby and then totally savage with Michael - it was amazing, “Here, kid.” He took a spare thin gold chain with a small key on it out of his pocket and draped it over Will’s neck as they entered the elevator. He flipped a small gold hatch open and gestured to the keyhole behind it, “No one without one of those keys can get to the top floor. You need to put it in and turn and then type in whatever code it is that week. This week it’s 6274 but no doubt the Boss’ll keep you updated of any changes.”

Tabitha ran her fingers through Hannibal’s hair as she walked around his place to stand with Will and Demetri, “Try to make it to bed tonight, or at least once you’ve got stored the shipment in the morning.” She said softly, trailing her fingers down the male’s arm.

Catching Tabby’s fingers in his before she moved away, Hann gently squeezed her hand in his own and met her eye, “Once we’re sorted I’ll be up, when I go in the morning I want you armed just in case. You understand?” As he spoke he kicked his feet up on the surface of the table to block anyone from sitting in Tabby’s seat - each of his men knew the rules but occasionally a new guy wouldn’t get the memo before it was too late and either he or the female quickly righted that wrong.

“I understand, Daddy.” Tab smiled softly, wrapping her arm around Will’s waist as they headed into the elevator  letting out a deep sigh of annoyance when the doors slid closed, “I’m half tempted to take his other eye, but then he;s no use to us at all.” The female rolled her eyes before calming herself before she pulled Will closer to her, feeling his head again, “Sure, we’ll make it a slumber party.” She beamed up at Demetri as he gave Will his own key, a mischievous look in her eye, “You wanna get your nails done and have a face mask? Or are you just good with playing bodyguard and eating my popcorn all night?”

Sliding her own key from the chain that rest well below her breasts where no one could possibly see it, Tabitha turned the key in the lock and tapped in the code, “Code day is

Monday, we'll leave it on the bedside table if we're not there but I'm pretty sure we're both sticking by you until the others get the message that you're not easy to mess with."

Will ducked underneath Demetri's arm and curled into his Mistress' side, laying his head on her shoulder tiredly, "If they try and mess with me, am I allowed to maim them?" He asked curiously, "Or do I gotta wait for you or Daddy to do it for me? Cause that's not always practical…"

Demetri snorted, cracking his knuckles, "I can always help you out, dude. Chances are if the Boss or Tab aren't with you then I will be… And voila!" H opened his arms widely as the elevator doors opened and the top floor was revealed, "Hey, Tabitha? Want me to get him something of mine to sleep in or are you gonna sort him out?"

Running her fingers through Will's hair again, Tabby laughed softly and nodded even though she knew he couldn't see it, "Yes you can do whatever you want with them as long as they're living by the end of it." She refocused her attention on Demetri with a smirk, "I'll ask Hann later about your offer, best if we have someone we trust keeping an eye on Will."

Tabitha gently led Will down the corridor, the first two rooms on each side were closed, "This is where D sleeps and we have three spare rooms for any other important guests, not that we ever have any." she stopped walking to think over the male's question, "Uh, don't worry about it, I'll get something of Hannibal's for him." The female continued to lead the way down the corridor, pointing through open doors, "We have the living area, complete with kitchen - Daddy knocked through a couple walls up here to make it perfect - then there's the bathroom and the red room." She stopped in front of the locked double door, "Daddy will show you this one, it's his play room."

Pointing to the last three doors in the hall, one of which was another set of custom double doors much like the red room and living area, "The door on the right is roof access to the terrace garden I've been working on, I'm sure you can figure which is the bedroom and the left room is submissive quarters.. Sometimes it can get to be too much, Hannibal insists on space to recover but will periodically check up on us until we're ready to return to the bedroom." Pushing open the master bedroom door, Tabby revealed an extremely large bedroom, the focal point of which was a large antique four poster bed, hung with black drapes and set between two large windows. The room itself was decorated much the same way as the rest of the house but the elegance shone through; the walls were covered in striped cobalt blue wallpaper, in one corner a Japanese screen stood with a Samurai suit and swords sat on an altar complete with incense and oils.

Turning to face the younger male she held her arms out to the sides and jumped back on the bed with a sigh of happiness, making sure to cross her legs for the sake of Demetri. "I'm pretty sure that's everything. Just holler if you can't find anything, either me or D will come running." The Domme sat up suddenly to point her finger at the older male, "You popcorn, movie, now." She ordered, smiling to show she was only teasing, "I have a submissive to care for and a show that's just screaming my name."

Will's eyes were huge as he took everything in, this floor was even more beautiful that the bottom of the house and he couldn't quite cope with the fact he was going to be living there after years of living on the cold streets or an even colder, cockroach infested room barely big

enough for a single bed. He swallowed down the lump in his throat as he desperately tried to keep up with everything Tabitha was telling him.

He was drawn to the playroom and the red room sounded vaguely terrifying. The fact there was submissive's quarters was a comfort and a worry at the same time. It was nice to know that they were there but at the same time he was scared that he'd be sent to them alone when what he really wanted was time with his Dominant's. Honestly he was slightly confused about the nature of their relationship. They were married… what did that make him? They had no ties to him, they could throw him back out into the streets any day without even having to think about it. He was a little insecure but he wouldn't voice that opinion, he didn't want them to think he was being pushy or needy.

A cough bubbled it's way out of his lips and he readily accepted the glass of cold water Demetri pressed into his hands.

The said body guard clicked his heels and saluted Tabitha, "Yes, oh bossy one!" He barked with a grin, "Should I get the sub a cup of tea and honey too?"

Will wandered into the bedroom after handing his empty glass back to Demetri and started to strip, hesitating before climbing onto it and curling up naked on the soft bedding - he would move if ordered, he knew he needed a bath - but at that moment in time it was too comfortable to pass up.

Tabby slid off the end of the bed and wandered around after Will to pick up and fold his clothes, more out of habit than anything else. She stopped momentarily to shoot a glare at Demetri before slipping into the walk in closet to find something suitable for Will to wear while he slept, "Just remember D, I'm the boss here when Hannibal's out." The female stuck her head around the door to smirk at the male before nodding, "Sure, but I don't think he'll be awake for long. Thanks D."

Emerging from the closet with a silk pyjama shirt and pair of boxer shorts, Tabby climbed up on the edge of the bed to run her fingers through Will's hair tenderly, "I brought you something to change into, might be a little big but I thought you'd prefer something of Hann's." Sitting herself down just in front to the sub, Tab looked him over or a long moment, considering her words carefully, "It takes time to settle in, and it's a big step from Chilton's… But you're safe here, we're gonna make sure of it."

"It's just… a lot." Will admitted quietly, slipping into the offering clothing and sighing happily as Hannibal's scent engulfed him. the boxers hung dangerously low on his hips and the shirt was so big it slipped off one shoulder but they were so warm and so comfortable. He slipped under the covers, still shivering, "And it's hard to know where I fit in. You're a married couple, you know…? I don't know, I'll get there."

Demetri ambled back in and dumped a bowl of popcorn on Tabitha's lap, slipping a dvd into the player and draping a huge fluffy blanket over Will before handing him his tea cup, "Enjoy… I reckon I'm gonna go into my room and clean my gun, it's looking grubby and boss get's well pissed if I don't look after my tools."

Will waved tiredly and took a sip of his tea, moaning sinfully as the honey soothed his raw throat, “Are you sure you don’t want me in one of the spare rooms? I don’t wanna get you sick or anything…”

Laying herself down on the other side of the bed while Will slipped into the borrowed clothes and under the comforter, Tabby tucked the sheets around his shivering body, “I understand that.. More than you can possibly imagine, but it honestly gets better.” With reassuring smile, she lent over to press a soft kiss to his lips and then his forehead, “Married or not, we both care for you and we want you to know that.”

Tabitha sat up as Demetri headed back in, just about catching the bowl of popcorn before it tipped all over Hannibal’s meticulously laundered linens, “Aww, you love our little sub!” She giggled, waving the male off with a quick nod, “Best not to piss of Daddy, you know how he gets.”

As soon as they were alone, the female placed the bowl on the night stand to straddle Will’s slim hips, all the while being cautious not to spill his tea; She tilted his chin up to meet his eye and shook her head slowly, “I wouldn’t dream of making you sleep in a room for the help, that’s not your position here.” She kissed hims slowly, pulling away to run her tongue over his lower lip, slipping from his lap onto the floor, reaching behind her back to unzip her dress and peel it off, “Besides, Hannibal said you’re not contagious, I believe him. You gonna be okay for five minutes while I jump in the shower?”

Will moaned into the kiss, thankful that he was too exhausted to get too excited, as much as he adored sex with Tabitha he didn’t think he had it in him to go another round just yet. He nodded, taking another sip of tea, “Go for it… I’ll try and and stay awake while you’re gone…”

Despite his word the moment he was was left alone, the warm tea and cosy cocoon he’d found himself in started lulling him to sleep. Quickly, before it could spill, he placed the tea on the bedside cabinet and curled up in his nest of blankets. Within five minutes he was completely flat out, snoring quietly, his thumb firming in his mouth once more.

Tabby smiled softly, giving the male another kiss to the forehead before she scooped up her discarded dress from the floor and headed into the en suite bathroom to turn in the shower. As she waited for the shower to warm up, the female pushed the door to leaving just enough of a gap that if she was needed she’d know about it then she turned to inspect the steadily purpleing bruise on her jaw from Hannibal’s backhand earlier that night. Tab smirked as she turned her head from side to side to see it from all angles, admiring that she still had it in her to rile Hannibal into a reaction.

Humming to herself, the female stepped under the hot spray of the shower to let the hot water ease her tired body for a long while before even considering starting to rinse off the day’s grime from her skin.

About five minutes later, Tabitha pushed the bedroom door closed to block the sound of her hairdryer, having looked out at the submissive and seeing the telltale rise and fall of his breaths, she thought he deserved a restful sleep while he regained his strength. By the time the female had dried both her hair and her body off she’d been gone a good fifteen minutes

and knew that any time soon Hannibal's night crew would be over to have a few drinks with the boss before going home to turn in.

She sighed softly to herself, knowing that even with a floor between them and the lower floor, there was no way it would stay quiet in the house for long. Tabby headed back into the bedroom, slipping soundlessly across the plush carpeting to the walk in closet again to find a set of pyjamas to curl up in for the night. Settling on a dove grey and white satin shorts set, she dressed quickly muttering to herself about remembering to light the fire *before* getting in the shower next time. She then climbed into bed next to Will, body curled around his and drifted off to sleep a short time later.

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